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**Contributors** *continued page 91*



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# The North American Review

New Series: Volume I No. 1 Old Series: Volume 249

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# Letters to the Editor

## STICK TO THE WINE-PRESS?

You are misquoted. "Political plain English hard hitting all sides." Surely.

And, "Mid-west"? A Harvard man subscribing that the well-yearned Colonies belong more to the United States than to an 'Atlantic Community'. Over-arched, with a Colossal counterfeit of law.

"Humor"? In the iron coincidence of an off-the-bay gunboat appearing straight out of J. Fitzgerald's' "Por-traits of Prior Practicians"?

"Articles." Comparative the North-South hemispheres trend with the East-West attempt quartering? The misfortune of world-movers, that they have been borne into history's stalemate? The agnostic nature of the civil state?

No, Mr. Dana. You mean apple cart-blank. "We are committed . . " You'll skirt "government" with an eggshell bikini and breast "commerce" with its own-chosen cymbals. .

'Nobody's fault . .' 'Too big an investment . .'

But slapping the fringes together doesn't beat the rug. Say so.

Stick to the wine-press. And dream.

*E. Thomas Sullivan*
West Liberty, Iowa

## DISTURBING INDIFFERENCE

The spontaneity and ardent energy of American life must have a strong control and a disciplined spirit or end in senseless violence. The indifference that exists must be replaced by responsibility and genuine interest. Social problems must be solved. Then too, an eye must be kept on the enemies. . . .

Indifference is the most disturbing, dangerous, and disgusting thing that can permeate a nation. Men can shout and warn and threaten, but it does no good. Thousands have been killed in automobile accidents. People think, "Too bad, how sad," and continue speeding and taking all sorts of chances. . . . Many of our mistakes are so obvious, it's ridiculous. But, due to human nature, things won't change. Why work your head off when *maybe* nothing will happen.

If things are going to fall apart, no one knows exactly how or when, and maybe it will all wait until the next generation. I am not pointing the finger only at others. I can't whip up too much dread and enthusiasm myself. I guess we eighteen-year-olds are too young to imagine how anything could be different. We have experienced no war or poverty or tyranny. We know only baby foods, jungle-gyms, ski sweaters, and language labs. I love my college life. It's a sheltered, smooth-running, happy little utopia. I have an idea of the state of affairs in our world, but it just hasn't hit me yet.

Some dark night in the future I'll lie in bed and wish I had done something back in 1963. I'll wish we had listened to Athens. I'll see on the ceiling the great statesman, Pericles, delivering a speech. My ears will be filled with victorious shouts from the sea fight at Salamis. Aristotle will be sitting talking with students. I'll see Thomas Jefferson scratching at the first draft of the Declaration. Abe Lincoln will be personally writing a letter of regret to the woman who lost five sons in the war against slavery. There's President Truman giving the word to drop a bomb! I'll see myself at the Winter Formal of 1963, interested only in the "now" and in "me."

As long as we have a finger on democracy, there is hope that things will continue to be all right. But as soon as we become too concerned about being popular and comfortable and make just the right mistake, democracy slips away, and we must start once more at the very beginning. In that dark night of the future, my tears will be to no avail. It will be too late.

*Julia Bruene*
Cornell College
Mount Vernon, Iowa

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*These letters were received by the NAR before publication. We publish them for their reader interest and to encourage others.*—Ed.



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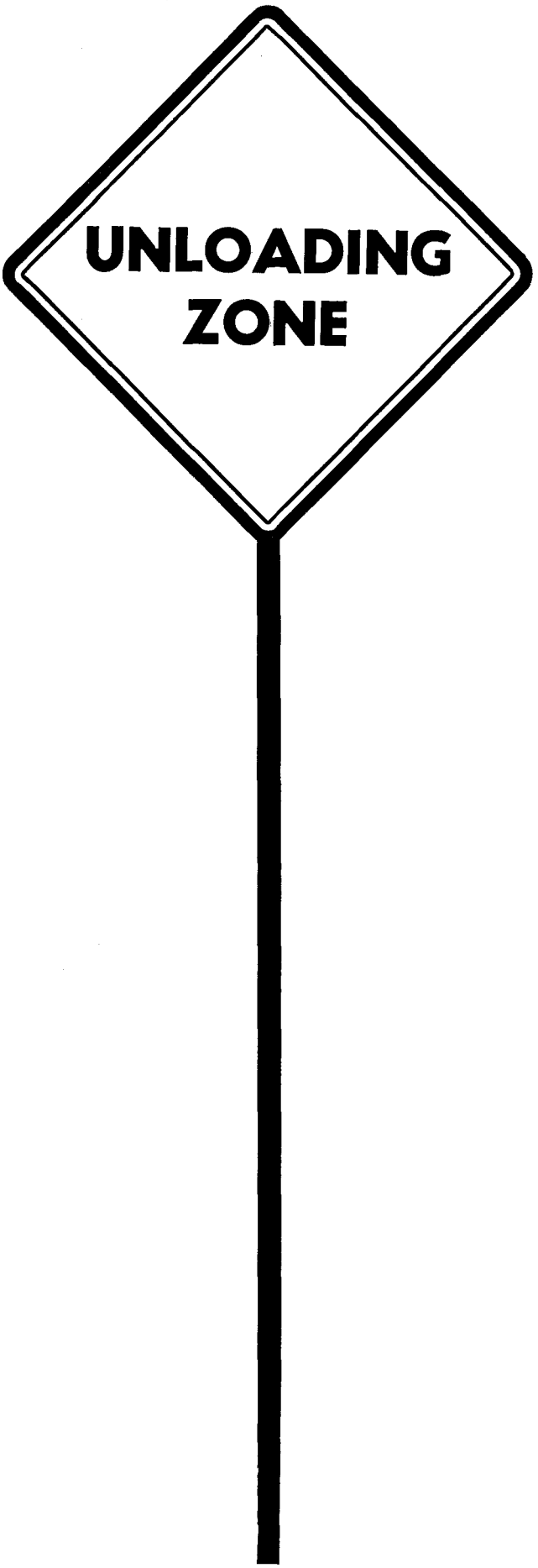


## MIRROR, MIRROR . . .

SINCE the beginning of this nation, the world has puzzled:

"Who is the American?"

No man has riddled it out. No American knows the answer.

Americans love goods, money, youth, beauty, know-how, and a headlong fling at violence followed by mass production verbiage and granite apologies. They are also, however, in love—in a monosyllabic Yankee way—with an after-Thanksgiving-Day-dinner gas pain called the American Dream.

No man knows all the ingredients of this seven course wonder, but every man can identify some. One can at least divide the main course (Hero-ism) from the dessert (Algerism). It is the same thin distinction which separates Jefferson from Franklin, the aristocratic idealist from the penny practitioner; it is the difference between Fitzgerald and Hemingway, between Chaplin and Lennie Bruce, between Lou Gehrig and Bo Belinsky.

At the time of the Nixon-Kennedy near-standoff, the American voter came face to face with real crisis, the double mirror of his own cultural schizophrenia.

On the one hand, the voter was asked to accept the myth of himself as Horatio Alger:



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Richard Nixon, ex-California box-boy risen, by dint of thrift, shrewdness, and sweat, to power. There it was, the idea of ourselves as a people from the not-quite-wrong side of the tracks. And we'd got there, sweating an education out of money, going into law, civic-mindedly prosecuting enemies of the state. And we'd got there still young, too, and confident.

That Mr. Nixon was a more than adequate image of one side of the myth which we indulge ourselves in, traditionally, like pumpkin pie, cannot be doubted. No one who rolled out, dyspeptically, post-election morning would deny it; there were his fantastic comeback totals stacked up to the height of a front-page question mark.

On the other hand, there was John F. Kennedy.

The other half of the image, the natural aristocrat, the exemplary hero.

Here was money, beauty, youth in a cowlick, and a mind like the political machine it created, "all discipline and savvy and go-go-go, sound, drilled, never dull, quick as a knife, full of the salt of hipper-dipper, . . ." as one of his critics called it. Here was the image of our heroic potential, ourselves as genuine heroes with the rake and dash of a torpedo boat, real courage, roots deep in the greatness of Western traditions all the way back to Greece. A man with a genuine respect for Art and Athletics, for Politics and Service, for Practicality and Vision.

And we chose him, barely.

And three years and a few days later, one of us gunned him down on a street in Dallas.

For a week the nation held its breath. Some shed tears over bitten lips. Others heaved a sigh of relief.

One saw the normally overfed voters gathered solemnly before their television sets. The medium, usually a sort of mirror-mirror-on-the-wall of idiocy had suddenly and momentarily become a window into the national mind. We watched the death and burial of something vital to our selves: part of the myth by which we live, by which we have given our lives and actions definition and meaning. Usually apathetic college students spoke bitter words. Even grade-school children understood that something terribly wrong had happened. The young prince had failed to awaken the sleeping princess; Merlin's wand had broken; the dolphin had arched beautifully from the water, then dropped into death. Somehow, if only briefly, we knew the shudder that shakes the soul.

**Zone**

*continued page 92*

## The Anarchist's Dictionary

*Adjournment*
The only constructive act in the legislative session.

*Anarchism*
The ideal of anarchist theory is to improve the world through the elimination of exploitation, monopoly, robbery, deception and force.
Not popular in the United States.

*American Legion*
An unsuccessful experiment in group therapy.

*Attorney General's List*
1 jar peanut butter
lb. of ham
jar of pickles

*Black Muslims*
Substantial proof that bigotry and discrimination are not racial characteristics.

*Capital Punishment*
The launching of the condemned into eternity, where, it is believed, he will find justice and compassion.
Differentiated from murder by the number of accessories to the crime.

*D. A. R.*
Originally, the camp followers of the Revolutionary Army. Now, a patriotic society with houses all over the United States.

*Lampoon*
A tolerable pastime for the discontented.
More amusing than apathy.
More economical than emigration.
More liberating than suicide.
More honorable than assassination.

*League of Women Voters*
A conspiracy of the bored to persuade the ignorant to vote.

*Mob*
Two or more Americans.

*Muckraking*
An archaic mode of news analysis. Searching. Pertinent. Factual. Constructive.

David O. Rankin



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# 3 On T.V.

| | |
|---|---|
| Too Much "Show Biz"? | Frank Luther Mott |
| A Proposal to Countervail Brainwashing | Paul Goodman |
| The Glass Knothole | Ogden Dwight |



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# Too Much "Show Biz"?

*"We cannot be satisfied with the highly commercialized offerings designed only 'to split the ears of the groundlings.'"*

Frank Luther Mott

Show business has become everybody's business. It has infiltrated and permeated all the communication media; it has come into our living rooms, our schoolrooms, and our libraries. It occupies a large share of the now extensive leisure time of our people. In short, it dominates what we call "American culture." You will be regarded in most circles as an ignoramus if you do not know the eccentricities, the special talents, and the past records of scores of stars of screen, stage, and stadium; and many fans possess such data about hundreds of these "show biz" symbols, from Elvis Presley to Helen Hayes. The *World Almanac* carries a list of 1,600 "Personalities of Stage, Screen, Radio, Television," giving birth date and place for each. To paraphrase a famous outburst: "Why, man, this Show Biz doth bestride the narrow world of American culture like a Colossus!"

Now that we have brought Shakespeare to mind, we are prompted to enter a disclaimer early in this discussion. No bigot with the stiffest neck conceivable could condemn all entertainment offered to the public. We have long since abandoned the curious Puritan principle that amusements are sinful *per se*. Even as early as the mid-18th century, David Hume found readers to smile with him at the idea that the Puritans abhorred bear-baiting not because of "the inhumanity" of it, but because "the sport of it" gave pleasure to the spectators. Today we may go all the way back to Shakespeare and hear his Theseus, the gracious and understanding Duke in "Midsummer Night's Dream," demand:

> Where is our usual manager of mirth?
> What revels are in hand? Is there no play
> To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?

We know that amusements are often salutary and therapeutic in our own days of anxiety and stress. More than that, we all know that good drama often educates us in a better understanding of our own lives and the lives of those about us.

But if we are to accept with approval the pervasive entertainment industry of our times, we must demand of it, at least occasionally, such qualities as meaningfulness, artistic form, and universal values. We cannot be satisfied with the highly commercialized offerings designed only to "split the ears of the groundlings." There may be some significance, incidentally, in the fact that the magazine *Time,* which used to carry a department entitled "Theater," now usually substitutes for it one headed "Show Business."

The term "show biz" was invented by Sime Silverman, founder of *Variety,* a magazine which, in its early years, was the organ of vaudeville and burlesque. He originated many expressions with which he spiced his columns, including the one that reported that such and such a Broadway show had "laid an egg." Sime did not intend "show biz" as a term of derogation; it was simply realistic. It did, of course emphasize theater as a business rather than a profession; and its increasingly wide use seems to connote a growing disrespect for the arts of stagecraft and the profession of acting.

Today we find what Sime called "legit" centers in the Broadway and "off-Broadway" theaters of New York. Original plays are shown in many college and university communities, but they do



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not become important unless and until they reach the white lights of Broadway. What does this system give us? Not quite a vacuum; but no play-writing genius has been shown on Broadway since the death of Eugene O'Neill. Arthur Miller, Tennessee Williams, William Saroyan, and Samuel Beckett, perhaps the leaders today, display individual talents rather than anything approaching genius.

Arthur Miller, intelligently criticizing the New York theater in an interview published in *Harper's* a few years ago, declared, "The drama will have to re-address itself to the world beyond the skin." And Lillian Hellman, the foremost woman playwright of our day, complained last year in *Esquire* that Broadway is now "a bore," explaining: "You have, usually, to be an immediate hit or close," because of the costs of production, and she added, "No serious work should be — can be — done under such pressure." But that is business; in short, that's "show biz."

A part of the system is to buy ready-made audiences by dramatizations of best-seller books, as in such successes as "Advise and Consent" and "How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying," or the more recent "Enter Laughing." Musical shows have also used this device frequently — and most noticeably in two of the best offerings of recent years, "South Pacific" and "My Fair Lady." Of course, Plautus is by no means a modern best seller; but it is interesting that the Rabelaisian ironist of the Romans, who has had so many imitators through the centuries, should be adapted to our audiences in a big success of the moment, "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum."

It is natural enough for a playwright, who is immersed in what is known as "theater," to put speeches into the mouths of his characters that relate to the stage and acting. Shakespeare did so, in some of his famous passages; and he even interpolated, in two instances that come immediately to mind, a short play within the longer presentation. But this use of the stage for the stage seems to have grown remarkably in recent years. The musicals especially seem to delight in using "show biz" as subject matter, as in "The Music Master," last year's "The Sound of Music" and "Little Me," the ribald "This Was Burlesque," and so on. All this is not pure narcissism; but, as was suggested not long ago by a *New York Times* critic, "Maybe show business, babbling about itself, speaks for all of us."

Little need be said of grand opera except that times seem to grow harder for it, and one of these seasons the annual threat to close down the Metropolitan probably will become reality. The "hi-fi" sets the country over now do much more for grand opera than the theaters can, but it must be admitted that today's amazing sales of phonographic records contribute more to the distribution of third- and fourth-rate stuff than they do to classical music or even top-level modern work.

As it faced the sensational rise of television in the 1950's, the motion picture industry looked upon a new world. Hollywood met the shock of competition with the new medium by cooperating with it, on the principle "if you can't fight 'em, join 'em." It produced shows directly for the TV screens, and sold the networks its old films.

But so far as its own theaters are concerned, the cinema has exploited a series of productions that often have had a rough reception from both critics and public. Many good pictures have been offered, mainly based on best sellers, classics, and Broadway successes. But many thousands of movie-goers (and former movie-goers) agree with veteran "show biz" critic John Crosby, who last year headed an article in the *Saturday Evening Post:* "Movies Are Too Dirty: Most 'Adult' Pictures Aren't Fit for Grown-Ups, Let Alone Children." This comparatively new use of the word "adult" is interesting. It has no relation to real adulthood but is used to describe books that have a morbid sex appeal, and to distinguish pictures that are so lascivious that they can be exploited by the tag "for adults only" in their advertising. No intelligent person would argue that emphasis on sex in today's motion pictures is always evil. Crosby does not; indeed, he says specifically, "I think 'La Dolce Vita' is a great picture, though not for children." But he labels "Cape Fear" as "the most sordid, vicious, and utterly depraved picture I have ever seen." Local newspaper advertisements commonly advertised this monstrosity frankly as "Barbarous! Violent! Vicious!" A single picture of this nature might be passed over as an aberration; but rape, adultery, homosexuality, incest, and sex orgies are rampant in far too many contemporary films.

The great super-spectaculars are a leading feature of the recent cinema. It has been necessary to rebuild theaters to accommodate some of these gargantuan productions. Such shows triple everything — size, time, number of actors, degree of violence. A few years ago the



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writer of these lines addressed a group of public relations executives. Fresh from a viewing of "Ben-Hur," he remarked that Lew Wallace, though an officer in two wars and a witness of much furious action and bloodletting at Shiloh and Fort Donelson, would have been astounded by the violence, gore, and blatancy of the motion picture version of his famous novel. But the speaker was reminded during the following question period that it was "Ben-Hur" that rescued MGM from insolvency. The only answer to that seemed to be, "That's 'show biz,' isn't it?"

Cometh now the four-million-dollar, four-hour-long, super-colossal spectacle, with its hundreds of gorgeously bedizened actors and its exotic settings, entitled "Cleopatra." And in all the columns of criticism that have been written about this grandiose, polychromous show, surely the one that stands out as having the most significance is found in that sophisticated magazine, the *New Yorker,* whose cinema reviewer declared that Elizabeth Taylor, the show's star, is "the most famous woman of her time, and probably of all time." Since many women in other fields have enjoyed far more prestige of a different kind than la Taylor, this statement must be based on the premise that contemporary show business is the leading activity (for women, at least) of our time, "and probably of all time."

But the greatest "show biz" medium is, of course, television. Nearly nine out of every ten American homes are now equipped with sets to receive the offerings of networks and local studios. All of these broadcasts, including the plays (single or in series, and of various classes), newscasts and documentaries, panels, and commercials, are shows; and they are regarded as shows by producers and viewers. Some of them are said to have had as many as 75,000,000 viewers.

The employment of violence as a chief component in shows is one of the main targets of critics of both television and cinema. Violence is, to be sure, inseparable from drama, from fiction, from life; and it is exciting and holds the attention. But it is also sometimes revolting, and too much of it in our living-rooms is — well, it is too much. Producers have yet to learn that, so far as the art of the drama is concerned, violence off-stage and passion in leash are more effective than when they are starkly, brutally shown on a panoramic screen. Is it too far-fetched to suggest that modern makers of screen offerings might learn a lesson from Aeschylus? His Agamemnon is assassinated behind the scenes, and all we see and hear of the deed is the king's groan as the knife is driven to his heart. That was the way of Greek drama. Shakespeare's killings are sometimes on scene, as in "Julius Caesar" and "Richard III"; but far more effective than either of these is the off-stage assassination of Duncan in "Macbeth." By the same token, one of the greatest love scenes in all drama separates the lovers by the distance of ground to balcony.

There is today an encouraging trend to give less attention to that really incomprehensible monster the mass audience, which the "ratings" represent as in love with violence and folly, and more to special audiences for special appeals by special sponsors. Hallmark, for example, has made a great success of its business, doubtless aided by high-grade but low-rated television shows. And an increase in newscasts and documentaries may be noted in the last year or two. But in general, advertisers, guided by the curiously designed ratings, keep on promoting shooting, long-drawn-out fights, and swaggering toughness. This, gentle reader, is "show biz."

Radio has undergone marked changes since it suddenly acquired a big brother in television. On the better metropolitan radio stations one still finds symphonies, opera, valuable documentaries, and good news reports and public affairs commentary. But the great majority of stations rely on the disc jockey, regular tear-off news bulletins, and local commercials — oh, what a lot of badly read local commercials! But this seems to be a profitable pattern. Refrain: "It's 'show biz'!"

Let us now note the relations of this pervasive show business to certain sectors of American life.

Aside from sandlot baseball and the Ban Johnson leagues, and some gymnasium and field contests required by schools, American sports have become spectator shows put on by professionals or (in the case of college and university teams) semi-professionals. World Series baseball has long been a great American spectacle, and immensely profitable. Few names have been better known in the land than those of Babe Ruth, Joe DiMaggio, Mickey Mantle, Stan Musial. And now "pro" football also draws immense crowds to the great stadiums. The sports writer of the *Saturday Evening Post* observed last year that "pro" football was the nearest approach to the ancient Roman gladia-



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torial contests known to the modern world, except perhaps prizefighting. Greedy and unscrupulous management has caused some decline in popular interest in the fights in recent years; that was an almost inevitable development of the "show biz" concept.

Nevertheless, the electronic media give us generous offerings of sports shows, especially on Saturdays and Sundays. Baseball, football, basketball, ice hockey, golf, racing all have their shares. It is difficult to muster much sympathy for the poor fellow who wrote to the networks complaining bitterly that in his week-end viewing time — from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Saturdays and Sundays — he found two full-hour spots when no channel available to him carried any sportscast. Meantime, newspaper sports sections grow larger and larger.

Great political conventions and campaigns have always been shows, but not until the television cameras moved in have they really become "spectaculars." The same thing has happened to Presidential news conferences. And now we are experimenting with similar procedures in the courts of justice. One newspaper opponent of the camera in the courtroom remarked recently in the *Bulletin* of the American Society of Newspaper Editors that TV was trying to make our courts a part of "the universal American medicine show."

Educational methods have felt the effects of the general movement toward show techniques, and will feel them more in the future. The motion picture projector is now common in classrooms, and few remain to doubt the educational effectiveness of such visual exposition in many fields.

Religion has always used dramatic effects in its liturgies and forms, but now it comes directly into the theater with its shows. The ancient Hebrew drama of Job has been adapted to the modern stage repeatedly, and at least two of the versions have enjoyed good runs on Broadway. The most recent was that of the poet Archibald MacLeish; unfortunately, there was more of theater in it than there was of the real meaning of the Job story. But it was good "show biz." Even more pertinent to this discussion is the musical revue "For Heaven's Sake," which originated at the University of Michigan but was directed in its Broadway production by the professor of religious drama at Union Theological Seminary. In this show the curtain rises to show a boy and girl in what was once primly called an "embrace," but is now more often referred to as a "clutch" or "grapple." *Girl:* "This can't go on!" *Boy:* "Why can't it?" The girl then breaks loose and launches into a soliloquy:

> To go or not to go to bed; that is the question . . .
> Should I give up this virgin soil?
> Would he then afterwards still want me?
> How far should any maiden go, and how far is too far?

Not all the dialogue and songs in "For Heaven's Sake" are sexational or satirical; there is much profoundly felt religious expression. We are told that it "wowed" its first Broadway audience, but it did not have long enough a run to be an outstanding success. It was, however, an interesting example of "show biz" in the modern world.

Newspapers and magazines, always mirrors of the popular ideas of their times, naturally give much space to show business, and thus foster and promote it. Plays, motion pictures, and television offerings are reviewed for good or ill, and straight news as well as scandal stories about stars are always good for many columns of space. At last count, an even hundred of syndicated columns dealing with motion pictures, radio, and television were being offered to newspapers, and more than a hundred columns and services for the sports sections. As for magazines, 84 publications are devoted to the art and industry of screen and radio, and in addition, 18 "movie magazines" flourish by exploiting screen stars in picture and story. These latter are circulated chiefly by newsstand sales; most of them are prosperous, and two have circulations exceeding a million. And the general magazines are continually bidding for popular interest through their articles about stars of the stage, screen, and stadium. When the *Saturday Evening Post* began slipping a few years ago, it found that its newsstand sales tripled one week when it advertised on its cover a piece about a TV star, and it has continued to feature one article about a screen or sports star ever since. Book publishers, too, are eager for manuscripts about such figures, especially if some scandal is attached to them.

If any readers of this sketchy survey have hoped to find at the end of it some social panacea or other, they will be disappointed. The time has long since passed since critics could invoke some general ideology — the theological, philosophical, moralistic, political — to take care of a broad situation by a blanketing operation. One does not need to be committed



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to the prevalent existentialism to realize that attitudes toward most of the phenomena catalogued in this article must remain highly personal. Indeed, the cataloguer himself would not be candid if he did not confess to his pleasure in watching sportscasts, sometimes for two or three hours at a time; to his conviction that television's reporting of national conventions, Presidential conferences, and Congressional committee meetings is a valuable public service; to his belief that complete exclusion of the camera from courtrooms is an infringement of the traditional right to open trials; to his love of good drama, good comedy, good music . . .

But it seems important to examine with some care and solicitude the sum total of the phenomenon of "show biz" in these times. The man who says simply, "I am an intellectual" and shrugs off contemporary American culture is not intelligent, however "intellectual" he may be. We must take note of these effects of the increased national leisure, and understand them if we can.

Each for himself, we have to inquire: "How good is this?" "How bad is it?" Or, as the girl in the play asked in puzzled doubt, how far should one go, and how far is too far?

# The Glass Knothole

Ogden Dwight

On Page 77 of the Nov. 9, 1959, issue of *Time,* the weekly news magazine, was this paragraph:

"Assigned to do a term paper on television, Iowa State University coed Elisabeth Dwight recently sought help from her father, Ogden Dwight, who happens to be the TV critic for the Des Moines *Register* (circ. 224,337). How much influence, she asked, does the television critic possess? Replied Dwight: 'Not a damned bit.' "

Thus spake *Time,* Luce-ly. The figure and the remark were much too slight. All the same, the article also quoted more illustrious critics (Jack Gould, John Crosby, George Rosen, &c.) to the same general effect. They mentioned the then-in-progress quiz scandal and the "taste-degrading, immoral" entertainment being offered the millions who still stage their all-day, all-night sit-ins at the living room's Glass Knothole.

Years have elapsed. Phony, rigged programs [I can document this assertion to my own satisfaction, if not to a broadcaster's] are still being seen; the acne of commercials has become so unsightly that thousands of viewers are protesting to the Federal Communications Commission and to congressmen, who may cry "free enterprise" but choke on it, knowing that the complaints are justified. So do advertisers and the National Association of Broadcasters, because they are talking about reforms.

Similar protests about program content became so shrill four years ago that networks formulated purity codes. The result has been that overt, on-screen violence is exhibited mostly in half-shots, and the new element of manic aberration was substituted to thrill TV's sick knothole gang.

Critics (and viewers who can read without moving their lips) are now being told, however, by broadcasting and advertising trade journals and sundry TV apologists that next season will bring some changes — longer, more innocuous dramas, humor, and wholesomeness, whatever that is.

One nostalgic producer (according to *Sponsor* magazine) says he is "going back to the turn of the century to *locale* [yes, a verb] his series



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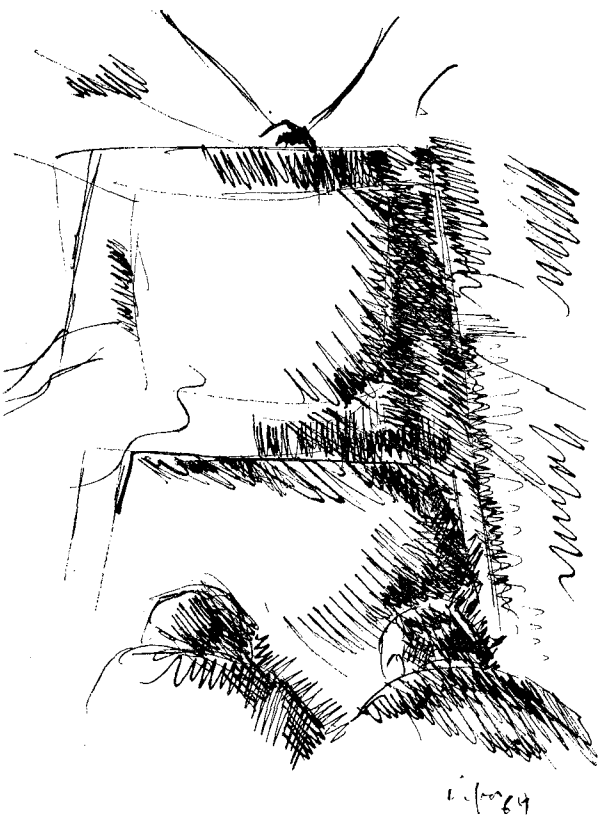
because . . . life was simpler then." TV psychiatry is going out of fashion, we are informed, with Jack Webb telling *Sponsor* magazine, "I'm sick of it . . . tired of being lectured to on TV, of being told what to do, and what pills to take. You get enough of that in commercials."

Buck-spotting producers say the tube-cycle is returning to adventure, action and comedy. One such series is tentatively entitled, "My Son, the Witch Doctor." "Min and Bill" may stage a triumphant comeback (as Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery whirl in their graves). An "action" hour now in process has the working title, "Killer on the Turnpike," after William McGivern's suspense tale.

MGM-TV is working on "Great Stories From the Bible," a project discarded several years ago, said TV script-author Irve Tunick in a 1960 Fund for the Republic discussion, "because the writing was 'too good.' " Tunick said, "Visualize the story of David and Jonathan with one man running down the street and twenty-six soldiers running after him, down this way and then down the other, since they had only one set; but that is the way it was finally done. Of course, as it came out, it was, literally, a horror."

Next season's viewers also are promised a twice-a-week nighttime half-hour soap opera entitled, of all things, "Peyton Place." *Sponsor* and *Broadcasting* magazines list scores of other film-series hopefuls, whose names and descriptions suggest a miasma and shallowness dismal and appalling. It is naturally unwise to prejudge entertainment from such synopses, but years of experience with the dreary canon of variations and fugues of pre-season press-agentry have made one's intuition quite reliable — at least enough to score a lifetime oracular batting average of a phenomenal point-878.

Meanwhile the pox of dime-store commercials becomes epidemic. The simple matter of morality has grown into an unspoken, nagging ulcer, and TV as usual seeks surcease in the quackery of self-reassurance. But if broadcasters want any advice, they should never consult critics. Better they go ask magazine-men of the old *Life* and *Liberty* about *their* pursuit of happiness.





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*A constructive criticism of the "standard pap" of T.V. programming.*

# *A Proposal To*

# Countervail Brainwashing

by Paul Goodman

The British government's Television Bill, now up in Commons, proposes a graduated tax on the advertising of commercial stations: the first $4 million exempt, up to $17 million at 25 per cent, above $17 million at 45 per cent. Naturally the networks have howled—four of them (out of fifteen independent companies) carry two-thirds of the total advertising and will pay the maximum. We must remember that in both England and Canada there is already a background of protest at "unfair" governmental practice, since public taxes largely pay for BBC and CBC which are in pretty direct competition with the privately owned stations. On the other hand, it is a principle of the parliamentary Pilkington Report that, since government licenses the channels, it has a right to limit the profits.

In form, and no doubt somewhat in intention, the proposed tax is for revenue, but it has cultural purposes as well. The Pilkington Report was critical of commercial programming aiming at the biggest possible audience. The proposed tax will weigh on the networks that practice mass-appeal with the most crashing success, and it will encourage stations making a bid for more modest and varied audiences. The argument, continually reiterated by the networks in the United States, that smaller enterprises cannot provide the magnificent programming and coverage of the giants, does not carry much weight in England. (Maybe the British are less shameless.)

Let us consider a similar expedient for our own country; but I want to put it in a more fundamental political and constitutional context, indeed a crisis of democracy more acute here than in any other democratic country. In the United States we are confronted with three mutually aggravating factors: the increasing concentration of power over communications in fewer and fewer centers



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of decision, the galloping growth of the audiences of the mass-media of every kind, and the interlocking and accommodation in style and content of the mass-media whether or not there are different centers of control. (*E.g.*, the same news from the three giant news services goes over the three giant networks, and it is abstracted for the *Junior Scholastic* distributed in the giant elementary-school systems.) These factors must inevitably result in general brainwashing.

I therefore propose, *a tax to be graduated directly on the size of the audience of the mass-medium, and with the revenue to be earmarked as a special fund for the subsidy of competing independent small enterprises selected on any plausible principle*. Now the purpose of this is not to punish attracting mass-audiences; in a modern society, much communication must be provided on a mass basis; the tax need not be high. The purpose is to affirm that the attraction of *any* mass-audience is a potential danger to genuine democracy and entails a corresponding responsibility on the part of the mass-media to see to it that the public does not become brainwashed and that rival opinions get abroad and rival attitudes get a hearing. The idea is to build in a self-corrective: as the danger increases, the antidote must increase.

The danger is not directly in the bigness of the broadcasting or publishing enterprises as businesses or complexes of technology, but in the concentration of control over *what* is broadcast or printed. If, by exception, it can be shown that a merger of broadcasting stations or publishers exists for merely managerial and technical reasons (including profits), but that the subsidiaries really maintain their independence with regard to what is communicated, then the "mass-audience" would be subdivided accordingly. I doubt that many such cases exist. Far more common are the cases where, even with separate ownership and management, there is an agreement — *e.g.*, among publisher, book club, serializer, movie producer, etc. — to merchandise a product for a vast audience; and the shake-ups in the editorial departments that follow on mergers are usually in the direction of producing a more standard design for the bigger presses and the combined sales-forces. That is, to meet our purpose, the mass-audience tax must be levied according to the average audience of a broadcaster, circulation of a magazine or newspaper, or copies sold by a publisher or combination, where there is clear-cut evidence of a centralized editorial decision. "Centralized editorial decision" would certainly be difficult to define; but the very effort of the enterprisers to evade the tax would be beneficent toward more various communications.

2

Consider the situation in broadcasting, as the most obvious producer of standard pap. The FCC, granting the licenses to channels, is empowered to demand public service, fair play in politics, and a kind of reasonable coverage. But it is impossible in the nature of things for these values to be built into their system by the giant networks themselves. Concede to them the most benevolent intentions and deepest sense of responsibility — there is not a shred of evidence that NBC, CBS, or ABC has either of these, except as convenient for their image and security from criticism and regulation — nevertheless, big administrators must always decide according to their characters and stations as big administrators. To them and the staffs they select, many a program will necessarily be beyond the pale, and much will be entirely unheard of; it might be beautiful, useful, and wise, but it will not appear on the screen. And everything, as we know, is colored and trimmed by audience-flattery and deference to sponsors.

Take, for instance, the herculean efforts of Messrs. Sarnoff and Stanton (of NBC and CBS) to have Congress rescind the regulation for equal time for all parties on the ballot. Certainly national advertisers will not underwrite the speeches of "quixotic" parties like Socialist Labor — the adjective "quixotic" is Mr. Sarnoff's; the audience would be too limited, not to speak of the Image. But on this principle, Fremont would not have had the air in 1856, though Lincoln won in 1860; and Stuart Hughes, with his moderate plea for a test ban, would not have had the air in 1962 in Massachusetts. Let us remember that the Socialist platform for 1912 — which would not have had the air — asked for Women's Suffrage, a 48-hour week, child labor laws, the conservation of natural resources. Mr. Sarnoff often speaks with pride of the great things that TV has done for democracy (the Nixon-Kennedy "debates"); frankly, I don't believe him. . . . I don't mean that he is lying, just too brainwashed to know what he is saying.

It is as impossible for the networks to determine a "reasonable" coverage of political or moral controversy or advance-guard art as it is for school-administrators, trained and staffed by graduate-schools of Education, to engage in or to research authentic educational experiment;



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or for enterprises like Lincoln Center to do anything for new art. The accepted premises prejudge the projects, and the choice of personnel is inevitably incestuous. Another even more serious analogy: we cannot expect that policemen or the office of the Attorney General will protect liberty. They cannot think that way. Thus when, under modern conditions, the police have an immense technology of electronic filing-systems, a national network, a huge staff — so that a man charged in Tallahassee is within minutes confronted with a years-old record from Spokane — it becomes necessary elaborately to subsidize the accused, to give him a fair break in court. I take it that this is the point of Representative Kastenmeier's bill for a Public Defender. It is something similar that I am here proposing to counteract the inevitable effect of brainwashing by the interlocking mass-media.

Some statesmen have proposed the establishment of a competitive government network, like BBC or CBC. I do not think that this answers the need, especially in the political tradition of this country. Contrasted with the British, we are weak in civil liberties and moral courage; and the culture of our legislators and executives is either pretty base or phony or timid before the voters and the lobbies. Our democratic processes have long been debased by massification. And there is an unusually close interlocking, in personnel and economy, between politics, the military, and the corporations. Thus, Federal auspices are not a likely offset for the commercial World of TV. In style and in many of its basic prejudices the World of Washington is very like the World of TV.

(As I have argued elsewhere, however, there *is* a place for a government corporation to provide an official-high-level TV service, just as government can wisely underwrite classical repertory in opera and theater or standard editions of old authors, run national parks and museums, disseminate standard scientific, statistical, and hygienic information, and license through a board of Regents. Only it must resolutely keep its awkward hands off new art, contemporary politics, and on-going thought.)

Newton Minow, late of the FCC, wanted both a high-standard government station and the proliferation of small independent stations that I am here asking for. With the ultra-high-frequency bands requisite by law on all future TV-sets, each region will have about seventeen outlets, and my hunch is that Minow tried to forestall the giant networks from horning in on the new ones. Apart from a penchant for Educational TV, however, he did not, so far as I know, publicize a plan for the assignment and financing of the new independents.

3

The graduated tax on mass-media paid into a special fund for independent countervailing communications is a suggestion for financing. It poses at once, however, the thorny problem of how to channel money, through Washington (and perhaps the States), to broadcasters, press, and theaters that will be not only free of government control but often, inevitably, opposed to the government that is paying for them. This is similar to the dilemma that arises when the Federal government subsidizes local education, but it is even more difficult and interesting, since hopefully many of the independent media would deviate from both the nation and the locality. It is more exactly like the dilemma of government support of higher education and research, leading to the packing of faculties, the loss of faculty control, and the subtle dictation of research.

The problem must be soluble. Any "plausible" principle of decentralization is better than what we have. By "plausible," I mean, for instance, giving the licenses and subsidies to universities, counties and municipalities, local newspapers, groups nominated by artists or little magazines, off-center political parties. (Thus, the New York Board of Education is plausibly selected from a panel nominated by the local universities, the AFL-CIO, the Archbishop, etc.; and the Board plausibly chooses its local boards from nominees of citizens' associations like Hudson Guild, the American Jewish Congress, etc.) The aim is to insure a broad spectrum of ideas and attitudes, without too much pre-judgment of quality or even good sense. Certainly the people of the United States can tolerate (and ought to support) a couple of dozen broadcasters as independent as WBAI and KPFA; but at present, given the standard fare and *no alternative ever presented,* only New York City and the Bay Area can modestly support such stations. There is no doubt that with the stringent application of a principle of decentralization, the public will find itself encouraging Birchites, Communists, Racists, Jesuits, Provincial Bigots, Know Nothings — I give a list of persons that I myself consider dangerous or misguided; but the usual Liberal claim that the nation is the only defense against local fanaticism and idiocy seems to me to be unduly panicky. Nowadays we do not speak



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for decentralization like Jeffersonians, as a way of heightening the perfection of a rural society and maintaining the independence of the yeomen, but as a desperately needed leaven in a society whose national pressures are overwhelming and whose centralized complexity is unliveable. Given so much inevitable conformity, we can risk the conflicts of eccentricity.

Anyway, to restore any meaning to democracy, we *must* risk these conflicts. Let us say it formally: *With the concentration and interlocking of the mass-media, we are now in a constitutional crisis.* The immense presses and semi-monopolies in publishing, the growth of the ad-sustained magazine, the diminishing number of rival newspapers while the number of readers rapidly increases, the giant networks in broadcasting, the public relations of the corporations and the press-releases of the government, the crashing intervention of the state into the colleges and the gearing of elementary education to those colleges — all this comes close to total brainwashing; and democracy is obviously unviable when communications add up to brainwashing. Merely negative control — by regulation and the First Amendment — is insufficient, for the damage is done by swamping and outblaring, by buying up, and sometimes (as in broadcasting) by *de facto* censorship by publicly licensed private monopolists.

In a constitutional crisis of this magnitude, we would require the political inventiveness of Madison and Jefferson themselves. Instead, apparently as an effect of the brainwashing itself, there is almost no political inventiveness in the country. One seeks in vain for politics relevant to where we really are.

I do not think that regulation is workable (except for flagrant abuses), and even if it were, it would give too much authority to the regulating agencies. To discourage technological improvement, the increase of communications, seems to me to be neither moral nor wise. But a good antidote for the concentration of communications is to build in a countervailing tendency, by encouraging a proliferation of thought and style in a different mode: with many sources of decision, a modest economic scale, and independence of feudal and state control.

4

The idea of a tax on mass-media and, feeding back, a countervailing fund for little broadcasting, little theater, and dissenting press, is probably literally unconstitutional (I am not sure), but it is certainly in the political spirit of the Bill of Rights: to provide a stable forum in which progress can occur by democratic processes.

Economically, the tax would be per capita infinitesimal, since the numbers are so vast and the purpose is neither big revenue nor deterrence. The essence of the fund, however distributed, would be to provide just minimal support just to get enterprises off the ground. What is sought is an atmosphere different from the established commercial and official, an atmosphere in which new thought and art can be generated, and we know that such activity thrives on making do and labor of love, on the absence of union rules, efficient administration, and Parkinson's Law. An average play on Broadway costs $100,000 to mount; off-Broadway $10,000; at the Judson Memorial Church $300. Housing by the Housing Authority costs $30 million; more and better housing by a group of intelligent neighbors costs $8 million. WBAI costs, programming and broadcasting, $38 an hour! But it is necessary for a shoestring enterprise, if it is to have social effect, to have some continuity and be guaranteed a fair hearing. Envisage the fund in operation: For instance, it might underwrite a 5000 printing and means of circulation for a little magazine for two years, by which time the mag will either make its own way or mercifully lapse. Small town and urban-neighborhood papers and town and college broadcasting-stations, assisted for say five years, could try to become indispensable community voices and thereby self-supporting by means of audience-subscription and local advertising. Such small enterprises could profitably federate and exchange programs, so long as each maintained its independent editorial decision. Another kind of instance: Little theaers, in construction, production, and performance, can be usefully regarded as Youth Work Camps, *e.g.*, as items in Senator Humphrey's bill of 1959.

The *prima facie* objection to this proposal, or any other proposal with the same purpose, is, of course, Power. How can we expect a system of society to reform its communications when, because of the communications, it believes that the present situation is dandy? Rather, with increasing mass-communications increasingly interlocking without opposition, we drift into the peculiar totalitarianism of the center that looks just like the American way of life, the governors as much trapped in mindlessness as the governed.



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# While Going Down The Road

A STORY

James B. Hall

In the side yard beyond the village edge the Doctor saw his father waiting in the rock garden, one hand on the rim of a birdbath.

The Doctor steered up the lane. Beyond his windshield he saw the barnyard, the outcrop of rocks in the back pasture, the stonecrop sky. Each year the Doctor had watched the home place atrophy a little. Long ago his father had let her rock garden go to weeds. Blue jays lacerated the overhead branches of pine trees in the front yard. The Doctor confirmed what he had suspected: not yet ready to leave.

"Whoaaa, hoss!" the old man called across the fence to the automobile. Obediently, but not quite like a black horse, the car stopped. Not packed, not ready to leave. Had his father ever been ready for anything useful?

Still, the Doctor had anticipated some delay and therefore felt he knew the outcome: within two hours, as a matter of family management, he would take his father away from this old home place and the old man would then live in the city. . . . Take him away? The Doctor thought of death, that catastrophe which was both his livelihood and his own life's work.

Only last week the Doctor had watched the country-style auction. Past noon the auctioneer in his corn husk of a felt hat led the interested



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parties from the chicken house, past the corncrib, and into the barn; finally the auctioneer came out through another barn door and the studious men in light biscuit-colored jackets followed the auctioneer in his famous old hat, followed through the rock garden, and through every room of that indifferent house. A final inspection of the premises was customary even though the interested parties already had cruised the line fences, had kicked stones from the pasture, had estimated the long bulge of clay athwart the back forty, and had seen not much at all nearer the creek.

In the center of the barnyard, standing on a square-oak butcher block, the auctioneer cried the land and the house. The interested parties were now a part of the crowd, or they leaned their backs against the corncrib. Farmers who owned land adjoining started the bidding at a fair price, but low. The auctioneer with his old felt hat and with his cane and with his sucking pig of a voice worked their top price even higher and at the end of fifty minutes cried out like a prophet,

"Ten dollahs moaha, or Boys I'm a-going to buy her myself.

*Once!"*

"Now boys, doahn't let me do it to myself — do I hear a-hunnrunt and ninety-two dollahs and you'll live to regret it because

*Twice!"*

"Gentlemun, hit's land, and hit's

*A-sold!"*

There was a moment of silence. The varnished cane raised in the sunshine. Fell. Then all of the interested parties nodded, and the house had changed hands, had gone to a man said to have bid for still another party as yet unknown. But the high man nevertheless deposited a certified check with the auctioneer's clerk, and some who were not interested parties at all said the price was a little more than the Old Billy Farnham place would ever be worth.

The Doctor had watched it all. He had seen the house and the ridge of clay on the back forty acres turn into a certified check, a piece of paper, into something he would now invest wisely and would thereby get other pieces of paper. A check or a prescription blank was a thing he understood and could manage well. The Doctor felt relieved, and he stood at the crowd's edge and watched the auctioneer's voice work through a bushel basket of dishes, then household furnishings, then buckets, and four pairs of cow hobbles, and a cream separator. Towards nightfall even the corn crib slouched on its own sled runners was sold to a man who had come here with the others to get what he could get from the Old Billy Farnham place — well known.

During the week, while the Doctor managed his general practice in Terrace Park, the country people returned to haul everything away. Now the Old Billy Farnham place lay stripped and supine beneath the clouds of Winter running fast overhead. . . . Take him, his father, away? Oh, of course, you couldn't just cart the old man off. He wouldn't do that.

Framed between two gate pickets, one hand resting on the rim of a birdbath, his father waited: not yet touched, apparently, by the whole plan. Oh, he was there all right: hair white, still perfectly roached, dentures smiling in the plaster cast of his face. Lively enough in the way of so many old traveling salesmen. But not yet packed to leave.

The Doctor walked through the half-open gate. He walked across the yard out into her old rock garden to take a closer look. He noted at once that his father had lost some weight. And there were more saffron blotches beneath the eyes.

In the way of father and son, and in the way of two men of two different worlds, they shook hands.

Their hands clasped. The Doctor felt again his old resentments — not that such things mattered any more.

"Why Dad, you're looking well!"

"You tellin' me, Doc?"

What had once been only a trait in his father's speech had now become the whole man. Or had his father's speech always been the voice of straw in the stables of a hundred veterinarians, the voice of a thousand country drug stores in those hamlets of the middle west? His father's banter was the squeak of buggy wheels, was the flap of side curtains on a dozen Model-T Fords abandoned now along the side roads and short cuts and detours of his father's past. There was something inefficient and wasteful and undirected and shameful about all those years. Had his own father spoken a single sentence in his whole life which was not chatter?

"Making any money, Doc?"

The Doctor was forced to wink, to go along with it. A knowing, melodramatic wink was his sole defense against vulgarity. Still the Doctor managed to place his two white curved fingers on his father's wrist. Professionally, the Doctor concentrated, head tilted to one side. With his



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finger tips he listened to blood surging like dogs unleashed along an old artery, that old trail for blood just beneath the skin.

"Sound as Farmer Brown's off-mare," the old man said without listening to the thing his only son might have told him. "Skinny as a rail, and eat like a blind dog in a meat house. That's a fact."

The Doctor said nothing.

To get on with it, to set an example, the Doctor turned towards a side door of the house where once the three of them had lived — you could call it that — had lived together. Since the day of the auction sale the house had been nearly vacant. Now their footsteps and their voices re-echoed in the empty rooms. Yet his father could not accept this necessary change. Therefore, to jolly the old man along, the Doctor spoke again in the voice of false cheer which he so despised in others.

"Right," the Doctor said. Oh, he knew his father was a dying man. "Right, Dad. Right as rain."

The stove and the kitchen cabinet had been carted away. Only the old smells seemed to hang like cinnamon-colored bats from the ceiling and all along the kitchen walls: the odor of nutmeg, of split wood, of used jar rings, the odor of mold congealed behind the wainscot.

By contrast the Doctor thought of his own inner rooms of his own clinic in Terrace Park: those walls painted beige each year, enameled pans white as a bandage. The patients who came there were neither brothers nor strangers nor friends; they were merely patients who needed his and only his help. They were the white, stalk-like bodies supine on his examination table. Low-voiced questions; the whispered reply. For fever, esp. hemolytic streptococci, penicillin; for certain anemias, iron . . . a prescription folded once, tucked carefully into purse or wallet. Sometimes the Doctor's prodding fingers found the big tumors and then after the routine tests, he went through his little talk which said, "Having lived a rich life, and having raised your family, and all. . . ." To say these things was his duty, his obligation; it gave him satisfaction. He made the little talks so many times he was now, in fact, the kind of person he had always wanted to become.

His father surprised him.

"I'll pack a few things, Doc. Then skidoo."

Nimbly the old man vanished into the bedroom. Closed the door. Private.

Behind the bedroom door, the Doctor heard the two empty suitcases tumble from a closet shelf, and bounce, and then everything was very still.

The Doctor was very pleased, as when a patient made a mysterious, rapid recovery. He was also resentful.

Secretly the Doctor wanted a final show of loyalty from his father. From his father the Doctor wanted a little sentiment about this used-up "farm" and about these rooms where the woman who was wife and mother lived out her days. To get this wish was beyond his conventional skill, but the Doctor, their only child, wanted to legislate repentance; or better still, he wanted to see evidence of regret. He might finally settle for piety, or, that failing, he was willing to accept a prompt departure as a symptom of . . . well, something. Instead, the Doctor heard his father's cheerful, almost obscene voice singing behind the bedroom door:

. . . *Skidoo, skidoo, skid-skid skidooo with you* . . .

The Doctor turned his face from the bedroom door and he saw the lighter patch of hyacinth-flowered wallpaper where her piano stood until last week's auction.

The piano was gone, taken away for the use of a farmer's young wife, a woman who did not play at all but who had a place for an old upright in her living room. Now the upright patch of wallpaper was scar tissue, pale and stretched thin against the wall.

When young, before her marriage, the Doctor's mother once studied piano almost a year at the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music. Then she married and began to teach piano students of her own. His mother's students walked across the iron bridge from the village: girls in middy blouses, or girls in dresses of flowered print. They came to the door with a black music roll in one hand and fifty cents tied in a handkerchief. For a full hour it was *two-three-four* and it was "keep our wrists arched." It was *Country Gardens* and *Southern Roses Waltz*; it was *Barcarole* in the afternoon, and on into the sterile night. The Doctor had seen a hair brush perched on a fat wrist: "We must keep our fingers free. Free!"

All that time he had studied in the kitchen, the door almost closed.

After the last student walked back across the iron bridge, and after another cold supper, his father might blow in from Brookings, or Galion, or Upper Sandusky, Ohio.

Hair roached, shoes polished, a watch chain asserting itself across his vest, his father always blew in, and always walked laughing through



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the house, "Why hell-o, everybody! Oh, a great day for ducks in Elkator. Best short-ribs in the U. S. A. at Peter Vort's (Dutchman, nice fellow) just outside Hibblings, Minney-shota. Howsa boy, Harry? Still grinding away on the old books? *Goooood.*"

His mother had put up with it and the Doctor never understood her reasons. As a boy he had felt too much alone to care, and now he was too busy to want to understand. That was about it.

From behind what had once been his mother and his father's bedroom door, silence. No tantrum of packing. Was anything left in this vacant house that was worth the packing?

To get on with it, the Doctor opened their old bedroom door.

His father sat on the bed.

On the floor were two woven-straw suitcases. His father had spent a lifetime checking out of bad hotels. Now he could not walk out of an almost empty room. Tears ran down his father's cheeks.

"Couldn't lift 'em, Doc," he lied. Yet there was a certain familiar banter in the old voice, and a little shame because of the tears. "We can't leave, Doc. I'm sick."

The Doctor leaned forward and looked closely at the old man's face. He saw a subtle, droopy flutter at the corner of the lip . . . stroke? Abstractly, the Doctor peeled up the lid of his father's eye. He focused on the thin, scattered blood vessels of the eyeball. Nothing of note. He heard himself say, "Bit odd.

"Still, in that case," the Doctor went on smoothly, "guess we can't leave. Guess we can't leave after all."

The old man nodded. He looked better at once.

"But also," the Doctor said professionally, "we had better just have a good look."

Quickly the doctor went out to his black sedan and returned with a black, upholstered bag. Certain things he always carried along in the automobile, even for city driving.

Very willingly, almost eagerly, his father stretched out on the bed for the examination.

For a moment the stethoscope held father and son together. The Doctor heard the rush of liquid through the resinous old heart . . . the blood pressure, the cough, *now the right side, please*. No, certainly no cachexia.

Casually, the Doctor's fingers pushed into his father's belly. Without changing expression, he found what he already knew he would find: the liver. Larger now. Not much, but larger just the same. For two years the Doctor had known about this liver. For two long years. This liver was atypical . . . no ascites.

"At your age, Dad," and the Doctor said the necessary lie, "at your age I hope I'm in as good shape. I sure do."

The older man smiled. The Doctor closed in on him.

"Why, you're *all* set to go. Let's hit the pike."

Because the old man had once purchased mileage books with the best of them, had carried patent medicines, had finally traveled in seasoning, spice, bulk coffee, and a sideline of talcum powder for billiard parlors, because he had what the boys called a real following, the old man got to his feet. When he heard the word Go, he was ready. P. D. Q.

"We got a nice day for it," the old man said brightly, "Hey, Doc?"

"Right," the Doctor said, and he picked up the straw suitcases and led the way towards the kitchen. "Right as rain."

But in the center of the kitchen his father stopped.

The old man grabbed one of the suitcase handles. He balked. He sat down on the corner of the wood box. Tears came again to his father's eyes.

The Doctor felt all his training bind like a wet surgical glove on his hand. Although baffled and angry he said nothing at all. He waited. He stared out the window and into her abandoned rock garden. The neglect of her rock garden, the bankruptcy of the place seemed inexcusable. All of his old resentments came back once more.

"Harry-boy," his father said, "I can't leave her. Can't leave your mother here."

Oh, it was an outrage. The Doctor knew it. This stalk of a man had run through his mother's inheritance and after her death had even neglected. . . . Hadn't he abandoned her for weeks on end while he "called on" livery stables, small grocery stores, and pool rooms? Now, after a lifetime of this, he refused, in her name, to leave this final, open, kitchen door. The sentimentality was too much.

The Doctor said nothing. In exasperation he tapped his foot. The tune was about the only music he cared to know, the almost forgotten melody of *Southern Roses Waltz*. Because of his training he tried to put all of the past from his mind. But his father would not permit it.

"You wouldn't know, Doc. What I meant to your mother."



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"Oh?" Now he had heard everything. He nodded his head. Interested.

"Used to drink. Some. Us drummers had'a do that."

The old man settled down on the wood box. He remembered it all very well. Like yesterday.

"Useta drink. Yes, I did. Why, I took on great big jags — like they say. Well, then I met your mother. Harry, you wouldn't know what a fine woman she was. One time and another we talked about it. Then. Well, I up and quit the drink."

The old man clicked his lips, and with his hand made the small motion of turning off a faucet. "Quit the drink. Just like that."

Oh, the case was too clear. The Doctor knew his father was an abstinent man. The facts of the matter were not complicated: at age thirty his father stopped drinking. As a reward for this virtue his mother sometimes forwarded money from the piano lessons to defray his expenses on the road. As a salesman his father just about broke even. Because of this single virtue of abstinence she waited until all hours to welcome him home, to see the watchchain shining across his checkered vest.

For the first time the Doctor understood it. He understood the thing she found to admire in his father. For a moment the Doctor felt more lonely and bereaved than he had ever felt when his father was away and when he himself was caught between misery and ambition, studying at the kitchen table, listening to — but not wanting to hear — a girl with fat wrists hoeing her way through *Country Gardens*.

As an adult, as a man licensed by the State to practice medicine on others, he could now see it all with a kind of detachment. His mother had taught only elementary piano and in her lifetime she had not one distinguished student. In addition, she could arrange fruits very well in a bowl. Therefore a man could please her merely by naming the hotel clerks at Washington Court House or Mount Vernon, Ohio. His father's ability to "meet the public" stood for all that was sophisticated in life.

The old man stopped talking.

He misread his son's look of neutral bemusement. He thought his son's look was more implied criticism.

"Ahhh, you wouldn't know about all that. You was a cold un. Nose in a book!"

At last the old man had said what he had always felt. Now, as always, he felt no match for this touchy, self-contained general practitioner who was also his son. After all, was a man who had traveled in patent medicines, who had a real following, was he so damn different from a regular doctor? Why, you might say they carried the same line. And hadn't the boy learned a thing or two from him about meeting the public? Couldn't you say that?

Tears came to the old man's eyes.

"There, there," the Doctor said as though he were treating a child. "You're feeling just fine, Dad. We both know that."

For the first time the Doctor put his arm around his father's shoulder. Beneath the old, double-breasted suit coat he felt a skeleton, his father's bones. Beneath that skin he felt the roof ridge and the cupolas of all the one-night hotels, and felt the gravel of country roads, the bricks of railroad platforms, the dormers, the lean-to sheds of country places set back from the road, the odor of wet harness, of talcum in billiard parlors . . . all these things beneath the cloth of a suit which came from Montgomery Ward's. . . . And all that time, at home, a sullen boy, his son, reading at the kitchen table, already a little humorless, a little grim.

The old man bent — was a weakened stalk. His full weight rested on his son. Like the scratch and the sudden opal light of a match struck against the wall of some abandoned room, the memory of one instant of time-past returned to him: it was the night of a fire in the grate, of a rosewood piano in the corner, or a well-lighted room and his own heart-felt *Hell-o everybody!* No matter how tired, he always came in like that to cheer them up: *A great day for ducks in Elkator*. Then all the news. The memory of that instant was too much. The old man's tears ran down his cheeks and fell and disappeared into the pinstripe of the Doctor's suit. The old-fashioned suitcase of woven straw lay between their feet.

The Doctor knew — professionally — it was over.

He knew he could and so he did lead the old man out of the house and towards the Buick parked in the lane. Management was partly a matter of timing, of course.

Without wanting to, the Doctor felt a little superior.

They stood for a moment beside the car. The old man straightened and looked his son in the eye. He now believed his son was angry at the delay. Well, if there was anything wrong the father wanted to make it right. And because he could still meet the public he said the best thing by way of apology, to make things right.



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"Has paid you," the old man said forthrightly, giving full credit where credit was due. "Harry, all that study has surely paid you."

There. He had said it. Was glad. No time for hard feelings before a little trip.

The Doctor said nothing at all. It was not the kind of thing he wanted to hear, but of course it had paid him very well. . . .

In the way of a man who can still meet the public, his father changed the subject. He looked at the high, steadily enlarging clouds overhead.

"Harry, Old Hoss, we got a nice day for it. Let 'er go!"

Therefore for the last time they drove across the iron bridge at the village edge. The Doctor was glad, for they were driving back into his own world. Ahead was his private office, his examination rooms, his nurse. The small farm was behind them. His own past, like a difficult case which had hung on and on, was closed.

His father sat erect. Well, he sure was glad to get out for a nice little drive. Like as not they would meet up with someone he had known in Goshen or Sligo or Frampton's Crossing. Always did because he never forgot a face. . . . Meet a man once, shake his hand, never forget him. *High, Low, Jack, and the Game.*

On the father's side of the Buick a signboard loomed huge in the windshield, then passed suddenly like an apparition. The growl of power from this new black automobile pleased the old man. 'Course never had a real *fine* automobile himself, but rode out many a mileage book — long before your time, Harry. Also had the first Model-T in Harkum Township. No big cars, so never missed them. The fiddle-scrape of an old tune came to his mind and he whistled softly between his dentures. *Ohhhh, Buffalo Gals won't you come out tonight.* . . . Funny what you came across in kitchens away out in the country when you are carrying a line of spice or talcum also good for home use. Well, he'd turned down a few, once upon a time. . . .

The Doctor glanced at his father, who now dozed in the warmth of the car.

The Doctor knew exactly how these cases went. The irony struck him anew: cirrhosis, afflicting a patient not at all alcoholic, who was in fact abstinent as a minor point of virtue. Yet his diagnosis was firm. The splotches of discoloration on the forehead and on the backs of the hands plainly announced what was ahead. The liver would continue to enlarge, of course; the loss of weight would be frightening, for the result was a kind of starvation. Amidst all the possibilities of food in the world his father's body could accept none of the right kind. In the end.

The Doctor knew he would use his conventional skill to help his father die well in some final sunlit room — no doubt in the illusion of love. He would do what he could do, with money no real object. It struck the Doctor anew that his work really had paid him well enough. Not as much as some doctors he could name, but enough. . . .

On the Doctor's side of the car another signboard loomed, and filled the windshield, and then passed. In spite of his training the Doctor permitted himself to consider what might be the flaw within his own scrubbed, cleverly tailored body. Had he perhaps inherited the same, creeping hepatomegaly? He did not exactly believe he himself was exempt from something. But he thought only, "No. No need to think about that. Not yet. . . ."

Suddenly, from half-asleep, the old man raised his head. The old man now seemed very pleased to be going down the road, scything along the highway.

"A wunner-ful day for it, Doc. We sure have. . . ."

Then his father really was asleep.

The Doctor said nothing at all. He watched the highway unfold in curves and flats and white center lines on tarvia, or on cement, contained always by the running berms of clay.

For him, ahead, was this identical warm, unfolding afternoon.

In the outer rooms of his clinic the children and men and women would be seated all in rows, crying and playing or looking at old magazines.

And that was about it, for the rest of the day.



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# 4 Poems by Karl Shapiro

## 1

ABRAHAM LINCOLN wore the chimney hat and the smoke poured from the mills. Now we go nude in artificial summer. The sari is woman's most beautiful dress, though senseless in the snow. When men show their legs the skirts of women drop to the ankle. The longer the skirt the more of the bosom. A superior primitivism lays bare the nipples. But when in the entire history of man has he invented a more dreary uniform than the business suit? Here is the husk of the drone, unornamented, gray, the final come-down. Kings and Congo chiefs, back to your feathers!

Alas for the language of clothes, now written in code. We dress with scientific care, not to offend. Potentates were crushed by the weight of raiment. Though beauty makes its way through rags, extreme simplicity is a sign of power. Clothes are designed for the state of the hair. Those who afford elaborate hair are dressed in the ransom of princes. In prison and armies they first cut off your hair. The German haircut fits the iron heel. The king in curls wears tapestry. The barrister's wig bedecks the anachronism. The beatnik's beard is his true profession.

Children in uniform insult Jesus in heaven. A woman's undersilks smell fresh in the nostrils of God. Put flowers in thy hair. Keep hair in your arm-pits like the Italian women. Go naked in furs like Fraulein Else. You men, wear Texas hats; that's all that's left of the sale. And never mind the lilies of the field: the nuns dress well, whatever their religion. Puttees for men with doubtful calves. Nightgowns are nonsense. And don't forget the accessories.

## 2

PROTESTANT on the right, Catholic on the left, and in the middle the middleclass Jew. On the left many children, the baby with a slightly withered arm, the eldest a handsome young woman, and boys. Peaceable people, quiet father always producing pistachio nuts from his jacket. He's a cotton inspector. They go on Sunday to a spanking new wildly blue and white Romanesque church.

The house on the right is different: one of those houses where there are two mothers, and the youngest child is a baby and the oldest married. One of those houses where the daughter "gets in trouble" and the oldest son has a quiet bony jaw. One of those houses with blue hydrangeas. One of those houses that smell of fat, where the windows are never open, where no one goes to church, but one hears the expression The Burning Cross. The livingroom is dark as if waiting for someone to die, and the Christmas tree is overdecorated. The son my friend is blue-eyed, olive-skinned and tough. Myself in the middle, denied the Christmas tree.

With the friend on the left I play small games, marbles, sticks, toy engines. With the friend on the right games of physical contact, wrestling, running and hiding, throwing the ball in the autumn street under the yellow twisting caterpillars, the street speckled with caterpillar spit, the sycamore balls popping when they hit the paving shedding fawn cotton. Ecstasy of throwing ball, wrestling on the livingroom floor, the mystical swing of rhythm. Fear of the wrestling one and envy; love of the peaceful one. And seldom the three together.

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## 3

AUNT LUCY was an actual slave. She held me in her arms. I have been held in the arms of a slave. How old was I, how old was she?

Aunt Lucy works for grandma, or maybe she just holds us in her arms. She is nicely dressed in black with white lace. She is highly respected — because she was a slave? Grandma is also highly respected, nicely attired and she wears a brooch. She speaks a different language.

Everyone is kindly in the southern village; there is peace and summertime. Sometimes grandpa puts on a black skullcap and apron and carries a special razor in a box down the long backstairs to the yard. There he takes a chicken from the coop amid terrible squawking and flying feathers. Then he says a prayer and cuts the chicken's throat. See it run around like crazy, spouting blood in the dust and flapping its wings even after it is dead. Grandma and Aunt Lucy pluck the chicken and open it up, pulling out a rainbow of gizzards, purple, red, blue, yellow, green, and a series of pale golden yolks, each one smaller than the last, as smooth as velvet in the mouth when soup is served.

There were battles here in the Civil War. And soldiers waved to mother from the train, on the way to Cuba in another war. And across the street on the courthouse lawn there was a double lynching once. Mother saw it from the window. They all did.

With a bag of corn we feed the biddies, little yellow creatures, soft and scratchy, come from under the wing of the hen.

## 4

THE LIVINGROOMS of my neighbors are like beauty parlors, like nightclub powderrooms, like international airport first-class lounges. The bathrooms of my neighbors are like lovenests — Dufy prints, black kleenex, furry towels, toilets so highly bred they fill and fall without a sigh (why is there no bidet in so-clean America?). The kitchens of my neighbors are like cars: what gleaming dials, what toothy enamels, engines that click and purr, idling the hours away. The basements of my neighbors are like kitchens; you could eat off the floor. Look at the furnace, spotless as a breakfront, standing alone, prize piece, the god of the household.

But I'm no different. I arrange my books with a view to their appearance. Some highbrow titles are prominently displayed. The desk in my study is carefully littered; after some thought I hang a diploma on the wall only to take it down again. I sit at the window where I can be seen. What do my neighbors think of me — I hope they think of me. I fix the light to hit the books. I lean some rows one way, some rows another.

A man's house is his stage. Others walk on to play their bit-parts. Now and again a soliloquy, a birth, an adultery.

The bars of my neighbors are various, ranging from none at all to the nearly professional, leather stools, automatic coolers, a naked painting, a spittoon for show.

The business-man, the air force captain, the professor with tenure — it's a neighborhood with a sky.



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# 3

# Against Hunger


Experiences in Eastern Europe — Roswell Garst

Feeding a Hungry World

Wild Life as a Resource — Sir Julian Huxley





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*Comments by the Iowa Farmer to whom Khrushchev paid a personal visit during his tour of the U. S. in 1959.*

# Experiences In Eastern Europe

Roswell Garst

In the summer of 1955, a delegation of American farmers visited the Soviet Union — and a delegation of Soviet agricultural people visited the United States.

The head of the Soviet delegation was Mr. V. Matskevitch who was, at that time, Deputy Minister of Agriculture and shortly afterward became Minister of Agriculture.

He visited here at Coon Rapids, looking over not only the Garst and Thomas Hybrid Corn Company operation but also he visited the Garst and the Thomas farming operations.

He invited me to visit the Soviet Union that fall — which I did. Among my good friends is Dr. Geza Schutz, an American who was born in Hungary, educated in Switzerland and France, and at Columbia University in New York. He spoke German, French, Hungarian and Spanish but even more important was the fact that he had written his thesis for his doctor's degree on "The Condition of the Worker and Peasant in Central Europe between 1890 and 1914."

The whole area was feudal at that time and the condition of the worker and peasant was pretty bad. Dr. Schutz could do and did a fine job of educating me on the disadvantages of feudalism.

Dr. Schutz and I arrived in the Soviet Union in early October. We spent about a week in Moscow and then we went down through the Ukraine into the north Caucasus. Everywhere we were asked about American agriculture.

We were, at that time, so very far ahead of Soviet agriculture that I had to explain why. Never once did I give a talk without a "preface." I would give it about as follows:

"I am going to tell you about the agriculture of the United States today — and compare it with what I have seen of Soviet agriculture.

"But before I do that, I want to be sure that you understand that I do *not* think Americans are brilliant — and that you people are stupid. Let us look at the difference in background.

"Until 1917 you were governed by the Czar. You had a very few fine educational institutions for the aristocracy — but the bulk of the Russian people were illiterate.

"It is only 38 years since you threw off an aristocracy. It must have taken at least ten of those years to organize a government, and educate the teachers who would educate the populace — and to build the schoolhouses. So the 38 years of opportunity shrink to 28 years.

"Then you had to fight a war of survival and to recover from the worst effects of that war. You have had to rebuild your cities, rebuild your railroads, your electric systems. So, in truth, it took you more than 10 years to fight the war and repair the damage — so you have had not 38 years or 28 years but 18 years.

"You have done extraordinarily well in that 18 years.

"Now let's make another comparison. The United States has not had a war on our own soil since the Civil War which ended 90 years ago. We have had a free, good and universal education system always. We are a hybrid people — a mixture of all the people who were brave enough to leave their own countries and come to the United States.



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"And agriculturally our greatest progress was from 1940 to 1955. We were forced to learn how to produce more and better food with less labor. We had to feed not only ourselves but our allies — and we had to do it while we were making munitions and raising an army.

"During those war years and postwar years, you could not make agricultural progress — *we had to make the greatest progress possible!*

"We are ahead of you agriculturally not because we are brilliant and you are stupid — but because of circumstances!"

With that kind of a preface, I could tell them how far we were ahead — and cause no resentment at all. I still cannot understand why some of our government people do not learn to use a preface of that kind.

They bought enough hybrid seed corn for demonstration purposes and immediately started combining their own inbred varieties into hybrids.

They had no hybrids in 1955. By 1960, all the corn seed they planted for grain was first generation hybrid although they were still saving second generation hybrids for fodder.

Furthermore, they started building fertilizer plants. They did not start as soon as they should have — but they are building fertilizer plants as rapidly now in the 1960s as we did during the 1950s.

They have sent delegation after delegation over here to study American agricultural methods.

The same is true of Hungary and Rumania. Dr. Schutz and I visited both countries in 1955 after we had been in Russia. We gave the same kind of a preface before every talk we made in Hungary and Rumania that we had given in the U.S.S.R. — only we changed the dates. Both countries were feudal until after World War II.

All three countries are making rapid agricultural progress. They suffered from some much drier than normal weather in 1963 — and have had less than normal moisture in 1961 and 1962 as well. But all three countries have gone from little mechanization to greatly increased mechanization — from practically no fertilizer to where all three countries are building greatly increased fertilizer factories.

Secretary of Agriculture Freeman saw and reported progress after his trip of last summer.

*

I first met Chairman Khrushchev and Mrs. Khrushchev in the fall of 1955 at their vacation place on the Crimean Peninsula on the Black Sea. I spent the afternoon visiting with Mr. Khrushchev, Minister of Agriculture Matskevitch, Minister of Foreign Trade Mikoyan, the President of Agriculture of the Ukraine and several other people in agriculture.

The Soviet delegation had returned from the United States — and with stories of how few people we use as compared with the Soviet Union.

Even at that first visit, I told Chairman Khrushchev that I thought he'd better back away from the arms race — because whereas we could spend about 10% of our gross national production on armaments and still make more things than we needed — that because he had far less industrial capacity, he would have to spend 15% or 20% of his gross national production to compete with us — and that his armaments came out of what we would call necessities — whereas ours came out of luxuries.

And Chairman Khrushchev would listen and discuss the fact that armaments were a terrible burden. But in the fall of 1955, he kept pointing out that Russia had suffered more casualties in both World War I and World War II than all other nations engaged in the wars — that Russia had been overrun and badly destroyed twice in his lifetime — and that both he and the people of the Soviet Union were in agreement that they would not be overrun again.

An interesting — and almost unbelievable thing — that is, unbelievable now in 1963 — occurred as a result of my visit in the fall of 1955.

The Moscow papers carried a brief item saying that Chairman Khrushchev had entertained Iowa farmer Roswell Garst for dinner at his vacation resort on the Crimean Peninsula.

When the Americans in Moscow read the item, they set out to reach me by telephone. Daniel Schorr of radio and television caught up with me at Kishinev by phone. He wanted to know who was at the dinner.

I said "Mr. and Mrs. Khrushchev and one daughter" — and was going to add Matskevitch, Mikoyan and the others — but Dan Schorr interrupted by saying, "You mean Khrushchev is married?" When I said, "To a very nice wife — and with a lovely daughter," he wanted to know the daughter's age — which I guessed would have been in the early twenties.

I was astonished that Schorr did not know anything about the Khrushchev family — but he said that no news about the Khrushchev fam-



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ily had ever appeared up to that time in the Soviet press or radio.

I might add that Mrs. Khrushchev did not, at that time, understand or speak English — but that by the fall of 1959 — when they visited Coon Rapids, Mrs. Khrushchev could both understand and speak English.

In January of 1959, when Minister of Foreign Trade Mikoyan visited the United States, I had lunch with him in Washington and he told me Chairman Khrushchev would like Mrs. Garst and me to visit the Soviet Union and be his guest at our earliest convenience.

I was most anxious to go because I wanted to give him my favorite sentence:

"For the world to spend 100 billion dollars a year preparing for a war that nobody wants — nobody expects and that no one can survive — is not less than global insanity".

Mrs. Garst had never met Chairman Khrushchev because she did not go with me in 1955. All she knew about Chairman Khrushchev was what she had read. She was apprehensive that he would be argumentative — and was hesitant about the trip — but knew that I felt we could make some contribution toward a more peaceful world, and so in March of 1959, we did visit with Chairman Khrushchev at his residence on the Black Sea at Sochi.

I went over to his home in the morning and visited for a couple of hours about agriculture. Mrs. Garst joined us for lunch and we visited about the international situation after lunch for a couple of hours. Mrs. Khrushchev was not there because one of the Khrushchev daughters was about to give birth to a grandchild and Mrs. Khrushchev was with the daughter.

No one could have been more gracious or more cordial than Chairman Khrushchev. As we left, Mrs. Garst told the Chairman that she hoped that some day he and Mrs. Khrushchev could visit us in our home on the farm at Coon Rapids, so she could return the courtesies he had extended to us. He promised that if he ever came to the United States he would visit us in our home.

So when President Eisenhower did invite the Khrushchevs to come to the United States in 1959, they did come to Coon Rapids — they did see the agricultural productiveness of Iowa —and we were able to help the Khrushchevs get a better understanding of the United States.

Much progress in improving the relations between the U.S.A. (and other countries of Eastern Europe) has been made since 1955. Until after 1955, there had been very, very few Americans visit anywhere in Eastern Europe. Since 1956, literally thousands of Americans have visited everywhere in Eastern Europe — and several thousands of people from the U.S.S.R. and the other countries of Eastern Europe have visited the U.S.A.

We have had the cultural exchange programs — covering almost every part of medicine, arts, sciences, agriculture, news media, a large gamut of the activities of human beings.

The Americans have found Eastern Europeans friendly — the Eastern Europeans have found Americans friendly.

We have, in the past year, signed a limited test ban agreement. At one of President Johnson's very first press conferences, he said that the United States' budget for armaments could be lowered — not greatly — but some — that it would not be lowered enough to weaken us — but it would be lowered.

Within a week or so of the statement by President Johnson, Chairman Khrushchev said the Soviet Union was going into a very greatly expanded chemical program — and were going to cut the armaments program — not enough to weaken their defense posture — but some.

Every world leader has, for years, agreed that an atomic war would end civilization as we know it. Presidents Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy and Johnson have all said it. So has Khrushchev. So has Macmillan.

We have reached what is frequently called the stalemate of terror — and we have had this stalemate now for several years.

Maybe — just maybe — we are beginning to think in terms of gradually reducing the armaments burden — and using the money we save that way in building better homes, better educational plants, better transportation and the better things of life.

What a wonderful prospect that will be!



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# Feeding a Hungry World

*"A world that has been spending more than 100 billion dollars* per year *preparing for a war nobody wants . . . will, in my opinion, finally conclude that it might be better to spend five billion dollars a year . . . building fertilizer, insecticide, and herbicide factories."*

Roswell Garst

One of the most frightening articles published in the year 1963 was an article entitled "A Hard Look Ahead — Man, Land and Food" which appeared in The Farm Index of October 1963. The Farm Index is published by the Economics Research Service of the United States Department of Agriculture.

It asks the question, "How can the world produce food for a population that will more than double from three billion people to six billion people in less than four decades when there is little new land to draw on in many areas, and not enough capital to raise yields much in most areas?"

A little later in the article is this startling and frightening statement:

"Only 1.4 billion people were added in the first sixty years of the century. Some 3.4 billion people are still to come."

The article points out that the world food problem is *not* in the industrial world. Europe, including the Soviet Union, North America (Canada and the United States) and Oceania (which includes Australia and New Zealand) have ample food of high quality. The article should also have added the La Plata area of South America (that is Uruguay and Argentina) which also has ample food and good food.

The problem looks so staggering that many people will be inclined to throw up their hands and just call it impossible.

Please don't do that! The job is a big job — to feed the ever-growing population and to feed that ever-growing population a much better diet. But it is by no means an impossible job! It is, in fact, just a grand challenge!

Iowa is one of the grand geographic areas of the world — with fertile soil, fine rainfall, intelligent farmers, all of the advantages.

Thirty years ago we thought we were fine and capable farmers — that we were raising about as much food as anyone could ever raise and doing it with minimum labor.

It would seem logical that the best farmers could not gain as much nor as rapidly as poorer areas — which has proved to be true. Other areas of the United States have made even greater percentage yield gains than Iowa.

But let us look briefly at what we have done in Iowa — and in the United States.

From 1910 to 1930, the average yield of corn in the United States was 26 bushels per acre. In

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the year 1962, the average yield was 64.1 bushels per acre. In 1963, it was 67.0 — more than 2-½ times what it was thirty years ago.

The average yield in Iowa before 1930 was 39 bushels per acre. This year it was 80 bushels.

In the case of both Iowa and the nation, the increased yield was 41 bushels per acre.

Even more startling is the reduction in the amount of human labor involved in raising a bushel of corn. Thirty years ago, it took about thirty minutes of man labor for each bushel of corn. Today, with modern farm equipment, it takes less than five minutes for the average farmer in the United States to raise a bushel of corn — and the most efficient farmers are spending less than three minutes of man labor to raise and harvest a bushel of corn.

In comparison, it has been estimated that it took the American Indian approximately twenty hours of man labor to raise a bushel of corn. And even more startling is the fact that it still takes sixteen hours of man time to raise a bushel of corn in large areas of Central and South America — and in India and Indonesia.

If, as has been pointed out, the state of Iowa and the United States as a whole can and did more than double their production and double it from a rather high level to an extraordinarily high level, does it not seem to be an easy task to have the low yielding areas of the world multiply their production by three or four times?

Is there any reason at all why the same tools of high production that Iowa farmers and United States farmers have used cannot be applied in other parts of the world?

I am bold enough to say that there is no reason why we cannot educate the so-called backward nations of the world — and help them.

It would seem that we should study how we did it in Iowa and the United States with corn, because the same general tools work with corn, wheat, rice and chickens and livestock. Let's just examine how we doubled production of corn per acre:

1. Plant well adapted hybrid seed corn. (This practice is almost universally followed.)
2. Plant full season hybrids and *plant them early in the season!*
3. Use adequate fertilizer programs. Something like 120 lbs. of actual nitrogen. Use well balanced starter fertilizer (1-4-2 ratio) applied with a planter attachment — and broadcast additional phosphate, potash and lime when needed.
4. Use a soil insecticide to kill the rootworms, grubs, wireworms, etc. and use insecticides on the plant to stop the corn borer damage.
5. Limit the planting of corn to the acres best adapted to corn raising. (Until the economical fixation of nitrogen came, we used to have to rotate with legumes — clover and alfalfa. Now it is much more economical to use nitrogen fertilizers.)
6. *Control weeds!* (On high fertile soils, weed control is much more difficult than on infertile soils. We have found Atrazine, either band sprayed or broadcast sprayed, a very great help in the control of weeds.)
7. Irrigate where irrigation is practical and where moisture is limited.

Actually, those are the rules we have followed — or adopted — in the last thirty years that have let us more than double the yield.

Thirty years ago, we had very little hybrid seed corn. We were afraid to plant corn early because the seed was not strong — we had no fertilizer — no insecticides — no herbicides.

We had to rotate with rotations of corn, corn, oats and clover, or even corn, oats and clover because we did not know how to economically fix nitrogen out of the air.

Nor are we through increasing yields. We have actually gained at the most rapid rate in the last five years.

It now appears certain that Iowa corn yields will continue to improve — that national corn yields will continue to improve. When the national average yield of corn can be increased from 26 bushels per acre to over 67 bushels per acre, it would take a bolder man than I to bet they won't go to 78 bushels per acre — three times what they were at the start!

But can the techniques that we have used here be exported to lands where the really serious food shortages exist? I am absolutely sure that they can be exported — and must be exported!

The Ford Foundation has helped with economic planning and education widely over the world.

The A.I.D. (Agency for International Development) — the Point Four program that dates back to the Truman administration has done so little that Congress has seriously reduced the foreign aid appropriation.

Let's see how bad the situation is in India. In the spring of 1962, I wrote Ambassador John Kenneth Galbraith and asked, basically, three questions:

"What was the average yield of corn and



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grain sorghum in India — what was the average number of eggs per hen — and what percentage of the corn, grain sorghum and chickens were hybrids?"

The comparison was even worse than I had thought.

*Production in India*

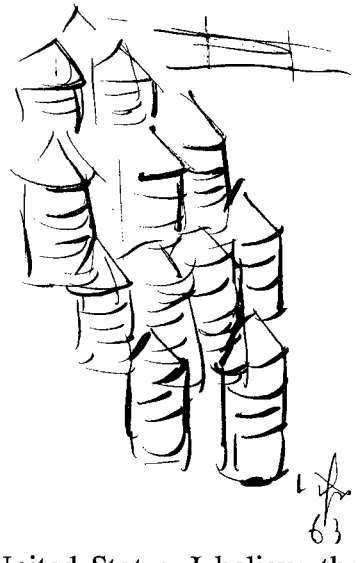
| | |
|---|---|
| Corn | 710 lbs. per A. |
| Gr. Sorg. | 441 lbs. per A. |
| Eggs | 60 per hen per yr. |

*Production in the United States*

| | |
|---|---|
| Corn | 3,388 lbs. per A. |
| Gr. Sorg. | 2,464 lbs. per A. |
| Eggs | 206 per hen per yr. |

(In Iowa - it is 216 per hen)

It's almost five times as much corn per acre — almost six times as much grain sorghum per acre and more than three times as many eggs. And less than 1 % of the total corn and grain sorghum acreage planted with hybrids and less than ½ of 1 % hybrids in chickens.



In the United States, I believe there are less than 1 % of the corn acres not planted with hybrids — and hybrids are rapidly approaching the 100 % mark in grain sorghums. And an ever-increasing percent of chickens are hybrids.

All of the farmers in the world — regardless of race, creed, color or political affiliation have one thing in common! And that is the desire to produce more and better food with less labor.

They may not be able to read or write — they may not have decent tools — they may even be weak from malnutrition — but every farmer everywhere wants to produce more food with less labor.

We must learn how to effectively help them!

Up to date we have done a very, very poor job of helping them!

Three great agencies have tried — that is, the Rockefeller Foundation, The Ford Foundation and the Agency for International Development.

The Rockefeller Foundation has made a major contribution to public health widely over the face of the earth. But, of course, that only further complicated our problem by extending lives — and increasing world population at an ever-increasing rate.

But the Rockefellers have also done an excellent job in the improved genetics of hybrid seed corn.

India became an independent country about fifteen years ago. At that time, the Rockefeller people, The Ford Foundation and the American Aid people all moved in to help them.

At that time the Indians were just barely able to feed themselves if they had decent weather. If they had any major drouth, they could not feed themselves.

But in the last fifteen years, they have increased population without an equivalent increase in food production. As a result, the United States has contracted to send enough wheat to India to feed, roughly, 20, 000, 000 Indians each year. That is not enough to have the Indians well fed — it is only enough to keep 20, 000, 000 from starving. And very likely when our present wheat commitment expires, we won't know what to do except to extend it another four years and increase the amount to 30, 000, 000 people, unless we immediately effectively help them.

(Incidentally, it takes about eight bushels of cereal grain to furnish the principal food intake for a human being for a year. A South American needs eight bushels of corn plus some beans and a little meat. In lots of the tropics — especially Asia — they need eight bushels of rice — in the wheat eating countries, they need eight bushels of wheat. In every one of those diets, high in starch and low in protein, you get serious malnutrition, but more than half of the people of the world suffer from malnutrition!

What we have done in India is obviously wrong!

What should we have done? What should we do now?

Let's look at the whole world picture.

The world is spending something more than 100 billion dollars a year, preparing for a war that nobody wants — nobody expects — and that nobody could survive!

The best estimates I have seen show that the world food production could go up to 25% if



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we built fifteen billion dollars worth of fertilizer manufacturing plants!

If the world cut its armaments expenditure 5% for three successive years and spent the saving for agricultural chemicals — not only for fertilizer but for insecticides and herbicides — for plants for the manufacturing of vitamins and antibiotics, we could be well on the way.

Certainly agricultural chemicals including fertilizer, insecticides, herbicides, vitamins, antibiotics and hormones, account for more than one-third of our total agricultural production in the United States.

Without the agricultural tools mentioned in the preceding paragraph, we would be hungry in the United States.

How would you educate the poor Indian farmer? It would be easy. You do it by demonstration.

Demonstrate on a 40th of an acre — which is about 1,000 square feet — an area 33' x 33' —eleven long steps by eleven long steps.

If you wish to push corn yields up from 14 bushels per acre to 80 bushels per acre, you use fertilizer about as follows:

300 lb of urea per acre (45% nitrogen)
100 lb of ammonium phosphate — 11-48-0 per acre
100 lb of muriate of potash — 0-0-60

500 lb

Divide by 40 for 1 /40 of an acre — 12 lb.

It would take 4 ounces of hybrid seed per 1 /40 of an acre — and 1 ½ ounces of Atrazine for weed killing. Also an ounce of Aldrin to kill soil insects.

One 12 pound sack of the fertilizer — and several little packets of seed, insecticide and herbicide — and the whole outfit for $1.00.

And if the Indian farmer did not have the dollar, you could extend credit in the spring and take it out of the crop.

In the spring of 1932, when the great shortage of money existed, my own company put out hybrid seed corn without any payment in the spring — but with an agreement that the farmer would pay one-half of the increased yield on the number of acres planted when fall came and the difference in the yield between the hybrid corn and the farmer's own seed could be ascertained.

Normally, fertilizers in the United States have shown a return in increased crop of three or even four times the cost of the fertilizer. If the farmer spends $15 per acre, he can expect $45 or even $50 increased yield.

So a government wanting to increase production should put on massive small demonstrations and educate the whole countryside. No education program could aproach 500,000 or even 1,000,000 demonstrations. Part could be demonstrations with corn — part with grain sorghum — part with rice. The cost would be about one-third of the return in more food except for the management. The United States could pay for the management by the use of counterpart funds which we have received for the wheat we have sent. Counterpart funds must be spent in India.

Suppose — just suppose — that the industrial countries of North America and Europe decided to wipe out hunger.

They could concentrate on two big hunger spots — India and Brazil — and maybe at the same time, on a couple of small countries in Central or South America.

It would take several billion dolars worth of fertilizer plants but it would work.

It would take one other thing that most Americans forget. We have a fine transportation system in the U.S.A.! We have railroads and we have airlines.

But most of all we have good roads. We have an ever-improving limited access four lane highway system — we have fine state highway systems — and, most important of all, we have a fine farm-to-market road system.

One major expenditure besides fertilizer plants will, of course, be the roads that will let the fertilizer get out to the farm and the produce back to the towns.

But we in the United States have learned how to build good roads — to build them rapidly — to build them well — and we can show the rest of the world how to do the same thing.

*

## About Cellulose and Urea

Let's take cellulose first. Celluloses are those parts of annual plants which are neither starch nor sugar. Interestingly enough, the chemical formula for starch and cellulose is identical — $C^{5}H^{12}O^{5}$. They contain exactly the same percentage of carbon, hydrogen and oxygen — the molecules are simply put together in a different way.

Only the cud chewing animals can use the celluloses effectively — the ruminants — the cows, the sheep, the goats.

The most common cellulose is grass which contains very little starch or sugar — grass is mostly cellulose.

Green grass contains two other things — it



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contains Vitamin A — and it contains protein. So green grass is fine cattle feed. Actually, during late May and early June, with ample warmth, grass may contain as high as 20% protein — which is more than cattle can digest well.

Actually, the American Indian knew that cellulose with protein was excellent cattle (buffalo) feed. They knew that cellulose without protein was a starvation diet. How do we know the Indians knew this? Well, they butchered the buffalo in the fall of the year when they were fat from grazing on green grass (that is, cellulose with protein). The Indians knew the buffalos would be almost starved by spring — because they would winter on dry grass — that is, cellulose without protein.

The western rancher used to get a spring calf up to 450 lb by late fall. He used to carry that calf on dry grass during the winter and the calf would weigh only 350 lb by spring. If it was a very severe and long winter, the calf might get so weak it would die. Now the rancher feeds high protein supplement on the dry grass and the calf weighs 525 lb the next spring.

Up until recently, this situation could not be remedied. There was not enough of the vegetable proteins to go around. We never did have enough linseed meal from flax or cottonseed meal from cottonseed or soybean meal from soybeans to feed optimum rations to our chickens and pigs.

But now we have discovered that we can make a nitrogen chemical called urea, out of the air.

The way we test anything for protein is to take the nitrogen content of it and multiply the nitrogen content by 6-¼. The reason is simple. All protein contains 16% nitrogen and 16 times 6-¼ gives us 100.

Feeding urea is 42% nitrogen. It is, therefore, 262% protein equivalent.

Urea can only be fed successfully to ruminants — cattle, sheep, goats — or in the Mideast, to camels. Urea can be used as 100% of the purchased protein for all ruminants — and because it is made from only three ingredients — that is, air, natural gas and water, urea is potentially completely unlimited.

And so are celluloses practically unlimited.

Let us just take the cellulose from one crop in one country — that is, corn in the United States. We did produce this year 4,033,033,000 bushels. That is 112,924,924 tons of shelled corn.

The weight of the stalk, the leaves and the cobs is the same as the weight of the grain. So we not only produced 112,924,924 tons of grain but we produced the same number of tons of cellulose.

Without urea being available, this great amount of cellulose would have no value — but with urea available it is excellent cattle feed. We also have grain sorghum stubble in the western states in almost unlimited quantities.

As a whole, farmers have not learned to use our almost limitless supplies of cellulose yet — but they will learn to do so.

We ought to be able to have lamb chops for breakfast, roast beef for lunch and steak for supper — and at a price we can afford to pay.

Cellulose and urea are not a complete ration in themselves. Both the cellulose and the urea are used by the micro-organisms in the rumen. The micro-organisms break down the celluloses into more digestable forms of carbohydrates — the micro-organisms use the urea as their own protein and then apparently the ruminant uses the micro-organism for the ruminant's protein.

The ruminant must not only be fed cellulose and urea but it must have small amounts of a fast carbohydrate such as sugar or starch — and it must have proper minerals, and in most cases, it must have some Vitamin A.

But the research work has been done. Iowa State University has some fine bulletins covering the use of corn cobs and corn stalks as the cellulose and urea furnishing the protein.

Where molasses is cheap and plentiful — which is practically all over the tropics, a simple mixture of 11% urea and 89% molasses will give grand results with any cellulose. About all that need be added is some calcium and phosphate.

Most of the hungry people of the world are hungry for the meat type of protein which is so important to good health.

Most of them have enough wheat or rice or corn — they just don't have enough meat, milk, eggs or cheese.

When they learn to feed celluloses as the bulk of the carbohydrates — and urea as all of the purchased protein — and to add a small amount of fast carbohydrates and minerals and vitamins, the world's quality of food will improve with great rapidity.

Interestingly enough, urea can be used for the protein of cattle and for the fertilization of plants. It is, therefore, an excellent form in which to fix nitrogen out of the air into an agricultural product.



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We have been using cellulose and urea for a great part of our cattle feed for many years for an interesting reason.

Corn cobs are a byproduct of the hybrid seed corn industry. As long ago as 1946, a research man at the Wooster Ohio Research Station concluded that up to one-third of the total ration, ground corn cobs were two-thirds as valuable pound for pound as shelled corn.

We posed the question to him — If cobs are two-thirds as valuable as shelled corn up to one-third of the total feed, what would they be worth up to three-thirds of the total carbohydrate? He did not know — he was not troubled with a cob pile — he told us to find out ourselves. So in the winter of 1946-47, we did find out — that cobs (celluloses) are two-thirds as valuable as shelled corn up to three-thirds of the carbohydrate — but only if they are properly supplemented.

At that time, urea was only recommended up to one-third of the total protein because it was known that urea contained no amino acids — the building blocks of protein — and it had been assumed that lack of amino acids would prevent a 100% substitution of urea for the by-product oil seed meal vegetable proteins.

But we tried urea for a 100% substitution of the purchased protein here at Coon Rapids — and it worked well. Subsequently, Cornell University at Ithaca, New York and Iowa State University at Ames ran experiments which completely confirmed the fact that urea could be substituted for 100% of the purchased protein supplement.

Actually, a very great amount of research work has been done by the agricultural experiment stations throughout the United States. Purdue University has done outstanding work with corn cobs — Iowa State University at Ames — and many others.

It has now been clearly proven that:

Celluloses are excellent feed for ruminants when properly supplemented — *but only when properly supplemented.*

Celluloses are always very low in protein. Urea can be used for the protein — but urea must be fed with a fast carbohydrate — either starch or sugar.

Celluloses are generally low in calcium and phosphates and in Vitamin A but the amounts of these minerals and vitamins needed is very small — and inexpensive.

The tropics are surfeited with cellulose — rank growing grasses, as one example.

Without the discovery of urea, the only unlimited and economical protein for ruminants, the celluloses of the tropics could not be turned into the highest type of protein for human beings.

But now it can be — and the human malnutrition that results from a lack of the meat type of protein can and should be rapidly banished from the earth.

As pointed out early in this article, "Feeding a Hungry World" will take "some doing." But it is in no way impossible. It is, in truth, not even too difficult.

A world that has been spending more than 100 billion dollars *per year* preparing for a war that nobody wants — nobody expects — a war that nobody could survive will, in my opinion, finally conclude that it might be better to spend five billion dollars a year for several years building fertilizer, insecticide and herbicide factories.

The United States itself might decide to reduce "defense" appropriations from $50 billion dollars a year to $45 billion dollars a year and start helping our less fortunate friends in Central and South America and in India.

Well fed people are not likely to be very unhappy — hungry people are almost sure to be unhappy.

It is my considered judgement that the whole world will be not only a more pleasant place to live — but actually a safer place to live — if the whole world will reduce armament appropriations 5% or even 10% a year for the next several years — and spend that amount for chemical plants for the manufacturing of agricultural fertilizers, insecticides, herbicides, vitamins, antibiotics and feed mills — and for roads and transportation facilities in the hungry areas of the world.

President Kennedy, before his assassination, and President Johnson since he became President, both suggested cooperation with the Soviet Union in getting a human being to the moon.

Might it not be a good idea to try to get every industrial nation to cooperate in a drive against hunger — the Communist countries as well as the capitalist countries. The industrial countries of North America and Europe, including the Communist countries of Eastern Europe could supply the chemical plants and the road building equipment which are so necessary to feed not only the present world population well — but an even larger population well — and feed that growing population well.

**Feeding** *continued page 75*



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*Distinguished British biologist discusses . . .*

# Wild Life As A Resource

Sir Julian Huxley

Last September I attended the important international conference of IUCN, the International Union for the Conservation of Nature, at Nairobi, whose topic was The Impact of Man on the Tropical Environment.

This was the fourth time I have been in East Africa, and I am just as concerned to save its wonderful wild life as I was on my first visit, thirty-four years ago, back in the colonial epoch.

Thirty-four years ago, such pleas as I made in my book *Africa View* were largely dismissed as sentimental, and wild life preservation continued for long to take an extremely low priority compared with anything "practical" like agriculture or tsetse-control, and with anything concerned with the immediate needs of the native inhabitants like health and elementary education.

Since that time, a great deal of East Africa's wild life has been destroyed; and more and more people, including even many of the enthusiasts, have been taking a gloomy view about the possibility of saving any of the larger African fauna from destruction, except perhaps in a few super-zoos.

The process of destruction has seemed so inevitable. The best authorities estimate that over 90 per cent of Africa's wild game has been wiped out during the last hundred years, increasingly fast during the present century. Let me take a single example. In his Kenya Diary, Colonel Meinertzhagen, who is still very much alive, records that in 1903 he saw a procession of some 700 elephants marching across what is now the township of Nyeri; and in a single day, in an area of 24 square miles actually adjacent to Nairobi, and now devoted entirely to human habitation, he counted 684 zebra and 894 wildebeest, besides over 1,300 other large animals, including kongoni, Grant's gazelle, Thompson's gazelle, impala, eland, giraffe, rhino and warthog.

This relentless pressure on wild life is due to various causes. Partly to advances in science, which make it possible for pastoral tribes like the Masai to overstock more arid areas with more cattle, and for tsetse-ridden country to be opened up for settlement. Partly to land-hunger, which is the inevitable result of rapid population-increase (itself largely the result of advances in medicine). And partly to the growth of poaching.

In eastern Africa, poaching has now become a large and well-organized commercial racket. Vast numbers of animals are killed every year by gangs of poachers, often by extremely cruel



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methods, to satisfy the native African's meat-hunger (Africa is sadly short of animal protein), and for "trophies." Elephants are killed for their ivory, to be turned into billiard-balls or knicknacks, while their feet are transformed into umbrella stands; and rhino are slaughtered for the (quite mythical) aphrodisiac qualities of their horns, which command a higher price than best ivory. Meanwhile Game Departments and National Parks are so understaffed that they cannot do much to stop this horrible traffic.

Further, most Africans regard wild animals either as a menace to their crops (and sometimes their lives) or as so much meat — in many African languages the same word does duty for *wild animal* and *meat*. They also tend to regard game preservation as a white man's idea, undertaken solely for the benefit of Europeans; and the pessimists have been prophesying that when Independence came, the Africans would want to abolish Game Reserves and National Parks as relics of the colonialist era.

But today, as was abundantly confirmed at the IUCN Conference, the situation has changed. Thanks to careful scientific study and practical experiment, wild life has been revealed as a valuable human resource, an irreplaceable part of the world's biological capital, in some countries even outranking agricultural, mineral or power resources, in importance.

It is both a material resource to be properly utilized, instead of being dissipated; and also a non-material resource to be enjoyed, and one which people will pay to enjoy. It can be a source of financial benefit, meat-production, and national status — Profit, Protein, Pride and Prestige, if you want an alliterative slogan; with human enjoyment and scientific interest thrown in.

To justify these claims in detail, I shall concentrate on the wild life of eastern Africa, partly because it is so uniquely spectacular, partly because I know more about it and its problems.

To begin with, it represents the climax of pre-human evolution, before man began his destructive interference with his environment. Nowhere else in the world can one see or study such a rich and varied community, comprising so many large and splendid animals.

If we want to conserve our wild life resource, it is not much good thinking in terms of preserving single species. We have to conserve the wild habitats in which and on which the wild life community lives. Here again, eastern Africa is fortunate, for its wild habitats comprise valuable resources of landscape beauty, grandeur and geological interest, as well as of wildlife.

Thanks to the many scientific and practical studies of African ecology that have been made since the end of the war, a new approach has been forced upon us. It is no longer possible to think of African wild life conservation in isolation. It is a problem of ecology, the science of life's relations with its environment. It is also, of course, a problem of human ecology, one of the facets of the relations of man with his environment; not only African man but all men, not only the present generation of man but the whole continuing species. In the practical terms of applied ecology, it becomes a problem of land use.

The first and basic fact to emerge concerns marginal land. The very large semi-arid areas of Africa, running into millions of square miles, which are comprised under the head of savannah and open bush, are what the ecologist calls brittle habitats. These marginal lands are easily degraded by misuse. They will not stand cultivation, especially intensive and so-called "scientific" agricultural exploitation. Nor will they stand the least overgrazing by domestic stock, though they are able to carry a large and varied population of wild hoofed animals. If misused, they are launched on a downward ecological path, on the way to becoming desert; their soils erode away, their vegetation-cover is reduced, they rapidly degenerate and lose productivity. Only in a few areas of high rainfall and good soils, like what used to be called the White Highlands of Kenya, can one indulge in intensive agriculture or stock-raising such as is practised in western Europe.

The same sort of thing applies to the great expanses of tropical forest. The white man fresh from Europe not unnaturally imagines that the soil in which such a wealth of great forest trees are growing could also support intensive agriculture. But this is simply not so. The trees are rooted in something more like a sponge than what we think of as good soil. When its vegetation cover is destroyed and it is put under cultivation, it rapidly deteriorates; and the process is virtually irreversible. Cutting down forests can also be very bad for the general ecology of the country, by increasing run-off and erosion, so speeding the degradation of the non-forested areas. Accordingly, a considerable area of forest must always be kept simply as catchment protection.



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But I must return to the huge marginal areas of savannah and bush, for it is they which support the great game herds and their attendant predators and scavengers. Careful studies have now shown that they have a very high carrying capacity in terms of wild life, and can produce a greater weight of meat in the form of wild mammals than they can in the form of domestic stock. Lee Talbot and other scientists have shown that the standing crop of domestic animals, even on well-managed East African grass plains, does not exceed 32,000 pounds per square mile, and in typical acacia savannah is only about half this, while on similar country the standing crop of wild game amounts to three or even four times as much.

If we want to take full advantage of the higher productivity of marginal areas in terms of wild life, scientific game-cropping is the answer. The wild habitats must be as carefully managed as if they were farms or cattle ranches. Poaching has to be stopped; scientific studies must be undertaken into the ecology and reproductive biology of the main wild species, so as to determine what proportion of which species should properly be culled each year; research is needed into methods of processing and marketing. Sometimes farming can be profitably combined with game-cropping, as I found to my surprise has happened in South Africa. In the dry areas of the Transvaal, for instance, over 2,000 farms or ranches have been supplied with wild game by Government Game Farms. The farms sell the hides and turn the meat into biltong or use it to feed their native labour. This makes a sizeable contribution to their income. Several ranches are making a net profit of over £1,000 a year out of the stock of wild animals they have imported. According to Thane Riney, the distinguished American ecologist who has spent many years in Africa, private ranches in South Africa produced well over 7 million pounds of good game meat in the single year 1959.

In some areas of Southern Rhodesia, the problem is simpler, for the wild game has not been ruthlessly shot out as it was in South Africa but is already on the spot, merely waiting for good management to turn it to account. In terms of hard cash the estimated value to be derived from a zebra or wildebeest is about £8, and from each impala about £4. For one big ranch, professional ecologists calculated that an excess profit of over £12,000 could be made by cropping its wild game. With eland, it has now been shown that these big and gentle antelopes can be run with domestic stock and herded like cattle, and the government is now taking up the matter seriously in the hope that eland ranching will make a real contribution to the country's economy.

Equally striking results have been achieved in other continents in utilising the wild life of marginal areas. The most spectacular concerns the Saiga antelope in the U.S.S.R. In 1930, this strange bulbous-nosed inhabitant of the Central Asian steppes was on the verge of extinction. With strict preservation and sound management it steadily increased in numbers until controlled cropping could be undertaken. From a few hundred in 1930, the Saiga population has now grown to well over 2 million, and between 150,000 and 200,000 are cropped annually, yielding about 6,000 tons of good meat, tasting rather like mutton, and about 2 million square feet of hides, besides saleable fat and bones.

It is clear that properly organised game-cropping could play a very important role in eastern Africa. It could put large areas of marginal land to optimum use, while preventing them from being thrown open to human use and losing much of their productivity. It could largely undercut the illegal poaching "industry," notably in places like Northern Rhodesia by providing legally (and humanely) killed meat to the African mine-workers. But it can also help in many tribal areas. For instance, in 2,000 square miles of the Galana River area adjoining the Tsavo Park in Kenya, thanks to a grant from the Nuffield Foundation, the local Waliangulu hunters have been enlisted, under European supervision, to crop the over-abundant elephants (and eventually other game) for the benefit of the whole tribe.

Why should wild life be the most profitable resource provided by marginal habitats? Why should wild herbivores be able to do better than domestic stock on habitats like the East African savannah and bushlands? The answer is that the wild animals constitute a balanced community which has evolved over millions of years in adaptation to this special and difficult environment, and as a result are able to utilize its resources to the maximum degree.

In the first place there is a great range of herbivores, ranging from tiny dikdiks and duikers through medium and larger antelopes to buffaloes and giraffes and huge rhinos, hippos and elephants, with zebras and warthogs thrown in. There may be as many as 30 different



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species of hoofed animals utilising a savannah habitat.

And this wide range of creatures displays an equally wide spectrum of ways of life and food-preferences. Some are grazers of herbage, others browsers of foliage, and still others both grazers and browsers; there are rooters and diggers like warthogs; and multipurpose feeders like elephants, the true lords of African creation, who will graze, browse on foliage, strip the bark off trees, knock down fruits, dig for water and mineral salts. Meanwhile the predators and scavengers see to it that none of the herbivores multiply out of hand, and convert carcasses back into living flesh.

Finally, the animals have become adapted to their habitat. Many antelopes thrive excellently on dry herbage which cattle could not utilize and can make do with very little water: indeed many gerenuk never drink at all. Further, the herbivores are resistant to local diseases, notably to the tsetse-born trypanosome disease, nagana.

Thus the animal community forms an integrated whole, with a division of labour between its members. And this enables it to convert the organic and inorganic resources of the habitat into living active flesh with maximum efficiency. Cattle, on the other hand, are confined to a few food-plants; they cannot utilize dry rough herbage nearly so well as the wild animals, nor do without so much water; and they are debilitated or killed by indigenous diseases.

But wild life is not only a material resource. It can also be enjoyed. Wild creatures, birds and reptiles as well as mammals, can be pursued with field-glasses and camera instead of rifle to provide the sportsman and the tourist with new experiences and photographic trophies. Above all, they can be watched for the pure pleasure that watching brings, enjoyed for their own sake.

Wild life is one of the world's enjoyment resources, and a unique one at that. If it is destroyed, it can never be recreated. We have the urgent duty to conserve it to be enjoyed by future human generations. The best way of ensuring this is by means of National Parks or similar Reserves where visitors can see large wild animals leading natural lives. If at the same time, visitors can have the satisfaction of enjoying wild landscape and its beauty, so much the better, for another enjoyment threatened by the spread of our industrially based and profit-centered civilization and by the explosive increase of human populations, is that of unspoilt and striking scenery and natural loveliness.

The next point is that people will pay to enjoy the sight of wild animals and unspoilt scenery, just as they will to enjoy a play or a ballet. In the process of reaching and enjoying them they spend a great deal of money — on travel, accommodation, food, admission and camping fees, photographic equipment, guidebooks and souvenirs. Tourism is the twentieth-century equivalent of pilgrimage, whether the goal of the pilgrimage be historical sites or scenery, national monuments or wild life. A recent American study has shown that a great deal of the financial benefit of tourism accrues locally, where it may turn over 12 or 15 times, while many of the benefits of primary production accrue elsewhere, to middlemen and dealers and city businessmen. So long as the prosperity of the industrialized nations of the Western world continues, with population-pressure growing and technology being intensified, more and more people will want to escape from its results, in the shape of over-sized and over-congested cities, noise, smog, frustration, boring routine and the general mechanisation of human existence. At the same time, air travel will become cheaper and will be able to take more people further afield.

Eastern Africa is already beginning to feel the result. When I first visited it, in 1929, there were only two National Parks in the entire continent — the Kruger Park in the Transvaal, and the Parc National Albert in the eastern Congo. Today in eastern Africa alone there are nearly 20, with ten or a dozen other areas of similar enjoyment value and attractiveness to tourists.

These are the goal of the great majority of foreign visitors to East Africa, and of roughly half of those to the Rhodesias and South Africa. As a result, tourism has become a major element in the economics of eastern African countries, and is likely to expand rapidly. In Kenya, for instance, last year it was second to agriculture as a revenue-producer, and this year is likely to take first place.

What I may call enjoyment-pressure is building up everywhere in Africa. I myself have just returned from Ethiopia, where I was a member of a Commission sent by Unesco to advise on conservation. If its recommendations are followed, Ethiopia's combination of National Parks, historical momuments and spec-



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tacular scenery could become a wonderful attraction for visitors.

Provided that the world can avoid major depression and war, and that African nations (as seems probable for most of them) can avoid serious internal violence, I would predict that tourism in eastern Africa could certainly be increased five-fold, and quite probably ten-fold, in the next ten years.

National Parks are also a very proper source of national prestige and national pride. It is so in the U.S.A. and could be so in Africa. At the moment, the great majority of Africans have never seen lions, elephants, giraffes, or any other large wild animals in freedom. This can best be remedied by actual visits to National Parks, though films and broadcasts and good teaching in school can help a great deal. When Africans realize that the National Parks are *their* National Parks, and the exciting animals in them *their* animals, they become proud of them and will react against any threat to destroy them.

Of course, setting up a good National Park System costs money. You need good roads, not only internal but also approach roads; you need good accommodation for various types of visitors, both inside the Parks and elsewhere in the country; you need an efficient tourist organization; and of course you need good management, a first-class staff of wardens, game-scouts and guides, and a vigorous anti-poaching organization.

But the cost should not be too serious an obstacle. Today, it is generally recognised that the gap between the *haves* and the *have-nots* must be narrowed, and that the emergent and under-developed countries must be aided by the more prosperous nations. National Parks are a very proper object of so-called Technical Assistance and of other Aid Programmes, both international and bilateral, and if their case is properly presented, they should readily be able to qualify for loans or grants from the World Bank or the U. N. Special Fund.

Then there is scientific research. National Parks, however large, are artificially delimited. They cannot just be left to themselves, but must be properly managed to prevent the habitat from deterioration through overstocking and to provide optimum conditions both for the wild animals and the human visitors. And this means a great deal of scientific survey and research, which in turn will be important for general biology.

Wildlife is also an important educational resource. Wild life and wild nature are exciting to children. Through confrontation with them, boys and girls can have their curiosity and sense of wonder kindled, and come to be ecologists and conservationists without knowing it, just as Molière's Monsieur Jourdain found he had been speaking prose all his life without knowing it. The introduction of science teaching by means of natural history and ecology, evolution and human biology and leading on to conservation and land use, rather than through physics and chemistry and leading on to engineering and technology, will become increasingly important everywhere, but perhaps especially in underdeveloped countries like those of Africa.

Let me sum up the situation. It is not nearly so desperate as it seemed to many people a few short years ago. Indeed, I would say it is not desperate at all — difficult, yes, and in some ways dangerous, but not desperate. The world has discovered that wildlife is a valuable human resource, and an increasing number of people, organisations, and nations are determined to conserve it, for their own benefit and that of all future generations of men.

Among the many organisations working primarily for this end are government ones like the Wild Life Service and the National Parks Service in the U.S.A. and the Nature Conservancy in Britain; government-supported but autonomous organisations like the National Parks Commissions and Boards in Britain and East Africa; non-governmental international organisations like I.U.C.N. (the International Union for the Conservation of Nature); and private ones like the World Wild Life Fund. Help for particular projects may also be given by United Nations Agencies like Unesco, F.A.O., the Technical Assistance Board, the U.N. Special Fund and the World Bank, by the non-governmental International Union of Biological Sciences, whose ambitious International Biological Programme will deal largely with ecology and conservation, and also by private Foundations like Nuffield, Ford and Rockefeller.

Meanwhile many separate nations have given valuable support. To take only East Africa, I will quote from the declaration of policy made by the Government of Tanganyika at the Arusha Conference in 1961:

"The survival of our wildlife is a matter of

**Wild Life** *continued page 70*



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# How to Make A Movie In Fiddlersburg, Tennessee

Robert Penn Warren

IT WAS AS THE YOUNG ENGINEER had told them, a natural place for a dam. Here the valley of the river narrowed. On the east was a limestone bluff to tie to, on the west ground that quickly lifted to a wooded ridge, some 500 yards away, a remnant of the spur that, a million years back, water had cut through. The engineer had a round freckled face, nose red and peeling, crew-cut sandy. He grinned a lot, grinning out of some reservoir of good nature. Now and then he'd clasp his hands and crack his knuckles. The dam was going to be a whopper, he said. Good hunting and fishing around here too, he said. But better when they got in the new lake reservations. Some crackerjack hunters around here, he said. He'd hunted with some of them. But Jesus, he said, the way some people lived back in the swamp ground and what they called coves. And the towns that were going to be drowned out — they ought to been drowned out long back. He was from Wisconsin, he said.

It was going to be great, the young engineer said. Going to back up the water for forty miles, he had said, gesturing south, upriver. Some good land would have to go under, but hell, they didn't know how to farm it round here anyway, and most of the land wasn't much but swamp or second growth. But with power and cheap transportation, it would all be different. A real skyline on the river, plant after plant. Put shoes on the swamp-rats too, teach 'em to read and write and punch a time clock, and pull a switch. It was going to be a big industrial complex, he said. He liked the phrase, industrial complex.

He said it again.

Now as the outboard pushed upstream, Brad and Yasha could look back and see the enormous mounds of earth and stone, and the great white structure, the scaffoldings, the cranes, small in distance, swinging against the sky, the tiny trucks in unbroken procession moving up the ramps of earth and rubble. The raw ends of the bluff to the west and the land beyond looked mute and subdued as though, somehow, only the grey undersides of the oak leaves showed now. On the east, high up on that side of the sliced-off bluff, the big white sign glittered, the black letters dwindling slowly in distance:

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This is chapter IX from Mr. Warren's new novel, *Flood: A Romance of Our Time*. It will be published in late spring by Random House.

Place: *Fiddlersburg, Tennessee, a small town in the western part of the state, soon to be flooded by a new dam. Location of a penitentiary.*

Time: *the present.*

Characters:

Digby: *A young engineer, who has a rented room at the house of Sheriff Purtle.*

Sheriff Purtle: *The hero of a prison break twenty-five years back. Now old and paralyzed.*

Leontine Purtle: *Daughter of the Sheriff, twenty-two years old, blind but beautiful.*

Brad Tolliver: *Native son, born in Fiddlersburg but educated up East, one time a promising writer of fiction, now a very successful script writer in Hollywood. He has been hired to come back to Fiddlersburg to do the script for a movie on the death of the town. Forty-five years old.*

Yasha Jones: *Born in Russia, the son of a mathematics professor who fled the Bolsheviks in 1918, then made a fortune in Middle East oil. Yasha has been educated in France, England, and the United States, an international type, homeless, deraciné, one a physicist, now a famous movie director.*

UNITED STATES ARMY ENGINEERING CORPS

Project Number 182 ——

The numbers, however, were already dwindling from sight.

They were opposite the swamp land now, where the creek emptied into the river — where the shanty-boat was tied to the stub of a dead tree, swaying gently in the current. Brad swung the outboard slowly in toward the shanty-boat, and throttled down some twenty feet off. A woman was squatting on the back deck of the shanty-boat, cleaning a fish. She flicked entrails overside, then looked up.

"Ain't heah," she said.

"Where is he?" Brad asked.

"Meat," she said, and jerked a thumb toward the drowned woods. "Gone to take some meat."

"You tell him it ain't legal," Brad said, and gave a little gas to put the outboard back in position.

"I'll be shore and tell 'im," she said soberly. Then she wiped back a lock of hair, and grinned across at them. Some of her teeth were missing.

"That meat he brings back in that jug, you tell him, it ain't legal either," he said.

"I'll be shore and tell 'im," she said, soberly, as before. Then she grinned again.

A head, the towhead of a child, showed over the rim of a rusty wash tub beyond the woman. The small fingers showed, clutching the rim of the tub for support.

"How many more you got in the tub?" Brad called.

The woman stirred, leaned over, looked into the tub, and lifted her head to report. "Ain't nary other," she said. "Least as I kin find. And this un" — she reached over to give a pat to the tangle of cotton-colored hair and to wipe a finger across the damp nose — "this un ain't much of a ketch. But reckin I'll keep 'im for bait."

The outboard was slewing off with the current.

"Tell Frog-eye I came by," Brad called.

"I'll be shore and tell 'im," she called back.

Brad gave it the throttle, and they swept off in a wide semi-circle. He waved once, and the woman waved back.

"Ole Frog-eye," Brad said.

"Is that —" Yasha Jones began his question.

"Yeah," Brad said. "He is in —"

" 'Wings of An Angel' " Yasha Jones finished for him. "One of your best stories."

"I wrote that story twenty years ago," Brad



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said, "and he has matured. Along, you might say, predictable lines."

He looked back at the woods.

"The mature Frog-eye is no ornament to society," he said. "He does not shave. He scratches when and where he itches. Which is almost constantly and almost all over. He has no marriage license. He has no divorce papers. When the time comes, he simply pushes 'em overside, so gossip has it. He drinks illegal liker. He does not give to the Community Chest. He has swamp-syphilis and does not hesitate to increase the incidence thereof. He does not pay taxes. He would cut your throat in your sleep. Unless, of course, you were his friend and he sober enough to remember that fact. He is not constructive in attitude. He does not have a Social Security number. In short," he said, "Frog-eye does not believe in society. He is, to be blunt, free."

"I should like to see him," Yasha Jones said.

"Oh, I'll bring you back to see him. Perhaps we should put him in our beautiful moving picture. Freedom is what our country is founded on, and Frog-eye is the only free man left. Now I want no carping objection that Frog-eye is the slave of his freedom. He undoubtedly is, but in this slavery to his freedom, he self-sacrificedly serves as a symbol for that freedom for which every red-blooded mollycoddle in America, in his deepest dreams, yearns. Put the head of Frog-eye unshorn on the body of the bald eagle and we have the true national symbol. But if we intend to get him into our beautiful moving picture we had better act fast."

"Why?" Yasha Jones asked.

"If we don't, paresis will get him first," Brad said. "It looks like everything in Fiddlersburg has turned into a race, at least my sister says so. So this is a race between us and paresis. With Frog-eye for purse."

He looked back at the woods.

"Ole Frog-Eye," he said, "he taught me all I know. He was a couple of years older and light years wiser than yours truly. We hunted every foot and fished every creek and backwater in three counties. That was his main curriculum. But there were the extras.

"The chief extra was swamp-twat. Now do not be deceived by the spurious and cynical folk-wisdom in the old saying that all cats are gray in the dark. Swamp-twat is, I affirm, a different breed of cats. At first acquaintance it seems a simple, robust wine of the country, but then you become aware of its subtle tang like sunlight falling on the green scum of a backwater. It was Frog-Eye who got me my first piece of swamp-twat. In fact, it was my first piece, period. All that I am and all that I hope to be I owe to Frog-Eye. Had it not been for Frog-Eye, and my fear of his derision, I — a simple lad lulled in my fastidiousness and romantic dream of pin-up girls, brassiere ads, and the more moving passages of Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis" — might have funked it. But the prospect of Frog-Eye's baleful mirth steeled my soul, and I entered the dark wood of manhood in which I yet wander and weeping go.

"Yeah, when Fiddlersburg got too thick, I was off to the woods and the tutelage of Frog-Eye. In my blood, I reckon. I told you my old man came boiling out of the swamp, didn't I?"

"Yes," Yasha Jones said. He, too, was looking back at the woods, downstream. The westering sun threw the shadow of the woods over the river. But the outboard now moved in sunlight.

"The woods," Brad said. "The woods and those durn books. Yeah, if it hadn't been for the woods and those books, and the fact of my old man being such a son-of-a-bitch, I would, no doubt, have settled down happily in Fiddlersburg and become a prominent filling station operator."

He turned toward his companion. "You see," he said, "when my old man foreclosed on Doc Fiddler, the books — yeah, they even had a room they called the library — they were part of the fixings my old man took. Not that he was a book lover. Took 'em for meanness, I reckon. But it got so I'd go in there and read. I read every thing from Gibbon to *Little Women*."

He was staring at the woods but he was not seeing them now. He was seeing his father sitting by the fire — the smouldering fire against the chill of early spring — in that room the Fiddlers had called the library. Sitting with a book open on his knee, but not reading. He would carefully tear out a page and roll it into a spill, add the spill to a pile on the floor, and then repeat the process.

Brad saw, in his mind, the man sitting there. He saw himself come in the door, a boy of fourteen, and walk to the man and, wordlessly, take the book off the man's lap. He saw the man — a big booted man with black mustaches and coarse black hair — rise slowly. He saw the man snatch the book away from the boy, toss it into the fire, and, all in one motion, swing and flip out a snapping, controlled blow — a blow not too hard, just hard enough — to the side of



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the boy's head. The boy broke the blow, slipped to one knee, and jerked the book from the fire. He rose, put the book on a table behind him, and looked wordlessly at the man.

Very deliberately the man reached into the book shelf. He took out another book. He tossed it into the fire. He snapped a blow at the boy's head. All was as before. As before, no word was uttered.

The fourth time, the blow broke the boy's guard, and the boy stumbled back against the wall, slipped to his knees there, propping himself against the wall. The man had tossed the next book into the fire. The boy made a motion to rise, to move to the fireplace. Not that he was hurt. He was merely dazed. The man stared at the boy, and saw that he would not make it.

The man leaned over and thrust his own hand into the fire and jerked out the book. He stared at the book very curiously. It was as though such an object were preposterously strange to him. Then he flung the book to the floor, in front of the crouching boy, and with no word, was gone.

After a while a little girl came in. She was crying. She stared at the crouching boy and said: "You made him do it."

The boy said nothing.

"You made him do it," the little girl said, weeping, "and now he's gone. You know where he's gone."

Yes, the boy had known where he had gone.

But he had not known what he had gone to do.

Now Bradwell Tolliver, sitting there in the outboard, twitched his shoulders like an animal with a fly. "Yeah," he said, and did not continue.

"Yes?" Yasha Jones asked, after a moment.

"My old man came boiling out of the swamp and took Fiddlersburg," Brad said. "Then he couldn't stand Fiddlersburg. He would disappear into the swamp. *Nostalgie de* — de what? How the hell do you say it in French?"

*"Nostalgie de la boue,"* Yasha Jones said.

"That's what he had. About once every four or five months, he would collect a black henchman he had had forever — Old Zack, some older than he was — his only friend, I reckon — and they would get in the boat and be gone. Two, three, four days. Then he'd come back, sort of quieted down. He wouldn't kick a leg off Chippendale for a week.

"Back then I didn't know what quieted him down. I didn't know what he went for — hunting or fishing or visiting kinfolks or just having a hanker for swamp twat. Like that lovely snag-toothed piece we just saw on the Frog-eye's shanty-boat. Then I found out."

Brad fell silent. He gave himself seriously to the duty of the outboard. He did not even look back at the woods that now fell away, downriver, behind them.

After a while Yasha Jones said: "And what was it?"

"What I said."

"What was that?"

"Literally what I said," Brad said irritably. "*Nostalgie de la* however-the-hell-you-pronounce-it."

"*De la boue,*" Yasha Jones murmured.

"Frog-eye," Brad said. "It was Frog-eye found out. He showed me. I was about fifteen then and I was out with him and he asked me if I knew what my old man did. I said no, and he said he had been trailing and watching for two years and didn't I want to see. He was grinning. He wouldn't tell me what. He took me to it."

Brad fell silent.

Then after a time, he turned to Yasha Jones, saying, "Look, we could put him in our moving picture. He's dead, but we could get the biggest old black whiskered son-of-a-bitch we could find and cast him for the part. For my old man, I mean."

He fell silent again. Up ahead sunlight was slanting across the river to strike Fiddlersburg. One ray struck a glitter, high up, from a searchlight on a corner tower of the penitentiary.

"Don't feel that you must tell me," Yasha Jones said, at last.

The man gave no sign of having heard. Then he said: "He was lying in the mud. I peeked through the brush, and there he was, out cold, on the creek bank. The jug was by him, of course. Old Zack had a willow branch and was waving off the flies. Sitting there, like he had been sitting there forever, waving off the flies. You know how an old colored man can sit, like Time had dwindled into the irrelevance of Eternity and to hell with it.

" 'Look,' Frog-eye whispered to me. 'Look at his face.'

" 'It is streaked,' I said.

"The dirt and mud was sort of streaked on his face.

" 'You know why it is streaked?' he whispered at me.

" 'No,' I said.

" 'He has been crying,' Frog-eye said.

" 'It's a God-damned lie,' I said.



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" 'I seen 'im,' Frog-eye said. 'I seen 'im lay and cry lak a baby.'

" 'It's a God-damned lie!' I yelled and jumped through the brush toward my old man. 'Say it's a lie!' I yelled at Old Zack, who was, all of a sudden, one bug-eyed old black man.

" 'Say he had not been crying!' I yelled at him.

"Old Zack's mouth was working like it was trying to say something. Then I figured out what it was trying to say. It was trying to say my name, but the sound wouldn't come.

" 'Say it!' I yelled at him. 'Say he has not been crying.'

" 'He been cryin',' Old Zack managed to get out. 'He lays and cries. When he comes to it.'

" 'It's a God-damned lie,' I said to Old Zack and lifted up my arm like I was going to belt him one.

" 'But he can't he'p it,' Old Zack wailed. It was a wail, that was what it was.

"I guess I let my arm down.

" 'He can't he'p it,' he said then. 'The time come, he jes lays and cries. Then he goes to sleep.'

"I heard a snicker behind me. I swung to look and I saw the snicker on Frog-eye's face. Now Frog-eye was older and bigger and meaner than I was, but there must have been something on my face that made him think that right then was not a good time to have to try to prove it. The snicker went off his face like a BB shot going through the bulb of a lighted street light on a dark night, the way we used to shoot 'em out in Fiddlersburg. That snicker just wasn't there any more.

"I turned back to Zack. That willow branch keeping the flies off hadn't missed a beat, but Zack looked pretty gone.

" 'Mr. Brad,' he kept saying, 'Mr. Brad —' Then he managed to say it. 'Doan tell yore pappy,' he was saying, 'doan tell yore pappy I tole you — you tell yore pappy, he kill me daid!' "

Brad fell silent. Before they pulled in to the dock, he turned to Yasha Jones and said: "I never told anybody. Not a God-damned soul."

He cut the engine down and swung in.

"Not even my Commie wife," he said, "even when she was living in Fiddlersburg and we would be lying up in that house. Hell, she even knew Frog-eye. She was dead game, Lettice was, she'd put on an old pair of jodphurs, pick up a bottle of citronella and a little .16 gauge, and go swamping with Frog-eye and me. Those jodhpurs were sure tight across that fancy beam she had, and Frog-eye couldn't take his eyes off. Sometimes I worried that if I turned my back on my pal there might be a hunting accident. Oh, she got along swell with Frog-eye. But what I mean is, I never told her about that time. About my old man. It looked like going swamping and lying up there in bed in the dark, in that house, spilling my guts to her, I would have got around to telling her. But I never did."

The engine was off. They were nosing in.

"I never even told my sister, either," Brad said, just before he cast the line over the stub. "Not even her."

*

Yasha Jones, at the head of the ramp, leaned against the side of the Jaguar, waiting for Brad to get the cigarettes, and stared at River Street. He held his hat in his hand and felt the warmth of the sun on his head and watched the sun strike the glass of the show windows of the stores. One of the windows was boarded over. The glass had, he presumed, been broken out. The boards were old and weathered. The glass must have been broken out long ago. Nobody, nothing, moved on River Street, in the afternoon light.

Yasha Jones thought that if you established your camera here, at this very point at the head of the ramp, you would have a base to work from. Then if you —

He did not complete the thought. He sank into the expectation of fulfillment which was Fiddlersburg.

He was standing there, thus, when he heard the music. He turned to look southward, down the street. He saw a big truck coming very slowly, behind it two or three cars, he could not be sure. The music stopped. He heard the brassy blat of a loud speaker, saying something. At first it was too far off, then it was too near, then it had stopped, and the music, a piano, had begun again.

The truck drew even.

The body of the truck was a big platform. On the platform stood a man in a frock coat, string tie, and panama hat. His face was extremely red, and as he managed to keep his stance on the slightly swaying deck, he clutched a microphone in his hand. At a piano, an upright, sat a large blond woman, very blond, wearing hoop skirt and crinoline, much



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awry because of the piano stool. As she labored at the piano, two other young women, not so large and not blond, sang. They were singing "Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair." Above all, painted on canvas on a great frame moored to the truck cab at one end and to uprights bolted to the truck bed at the other, rode two faces, both smiling with inhuman zeal. Over the first, and more positively smiling, face, were the words: TOM ZELTEN. Beneath it, was the one word: GOVERNOR. The other picture was of one Cyrus Jolson, candidate for the nomination for Lieutenant Governor.

The singing had stopped. But the piano, in another tune, was going steadily on. Two little girls wearing mauve fairy costumes, with filmy wings, gauze on wire, and patent-leather shoes, tap-danced to the tune, as expertly as the sway of the truck permitted.

They finished their dance. The truck was driving away. The swaying man with the red face was clutching his microphone and the brassy blat filled the air. Now, Yasha Jones observed, people had come out of the stores and stood with eyes rigidly fixed after the truck and its escort of two cars, cars festooned in red and white crepe paper. The music began again, and the people stood there until the truck had made the turn, three blocks up, that led through the streets at the base of the penitentiary. Then the people went back into the stores. They seemed, Yasha Jones decided, to melt soundlessly back into the shadows.

There was nobody on the street now.

No — one man was left. He was an aging man, large, slow, farmerish, in overalls, unshaven, red-whiskered, bareheaded. Devotedly, he was staring into the distance where the procession had disappeared, meanwhile licking an ice cream cone. The ice cream was, clearly, orange. Even from here you could see the villainously salmon-colored blob his tongue so delicately caressed. While the tongue performed lovingly, the man seemed to be straining to catch the lost music.

Watching the man, Yasha Jones stood there and, too, strained to catch, far away, the music. Yes, there it was. He stood there, in his peculiar joy. His joy embraced that man. It embraced that villainously orange spot which the old tongue, over yonder, came out to touch.

He knew that if he could hold on to joy the days and nights would pass.

Brad Tolliver came out of the drugstore, letting the screen door slam, with a dry, flat sound, and approached. He was opening a pack of cigarettes.

"Politics," he said. "They will now go up the hill and serenade the cons, then they will go back to the cemetery and serenade the corpses. Corpses and cons — they have cast many a decisive vote. In Fiddlersburg."

He climbed into the driver's seat. Yasha Jones got in.

"Politics," he said, "is hot here. Half Republicans, half Democrats. The great-grand-pappies of the Democrats held the bottom land and a few slaves, and the great-grand-pappies of the Republicans lived off in the woods or on those ridges where you can't even raise chick-peas and certainly couldn't raise black folks. The boys from the bottoms, they went off with Gin'l Forrest and the boys off the ridges signed on with Grant and fought for freedom, one of the freedoms they fought for being the right of Tennessee Republicans to lynch niggers without let, bar, or hindrance. Now me—"

He paused to flip his butt overside.

"— me, I'm mixed. Confederate as hell on my mother's side, the Cottshill side — the grandfather of Blanding Cottshill was even a gallant brigadier. But I bet it was Blue-Belly all the way with the Tollivers. I say, I bet, because the Tollivers were clearly not the kind of folks to keep written records. Sufficient unto the day is the history thereof."

He sank into thought for a moment.

"No," he finally said, "my old man, like his grandpa before him, would not have been a Blue-Belly. No more than he would have been a Confed. He would have been like Frog-Eye."

"And that's that?" Yasha Jones asked.

"Bushwhacker," Brad said. "In other words, outside of society. In other words, no victim of rhetoric he, no lackey of ideology."

The Jaguar lounged down the street — the road, rather, for houses were thinning out now — while Brad lighted a cigarette off the lighter.

"In other words," he resumed, "like Frog-eye." He exhaled the first puff: "free."

He let the Jaguar hold its minimal pace.

"Yeah," he said, "I am bulging with the genes of bushwhackers. I am the son of free men."

They drifted on.

"Free," Brad said, as though to himself, staring down the road.

He was staring at the form that, not more than thirty feet ahead, was moving on the right shoulder of the road. It was the form of a woman, swathed in some indiscriminate dress, blue, with an indiscriminate heap of pale hair



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on the head, a paper shopping bag, with handles, in the right hand.

The Jaguar drifted even, then stopped.

"Leontine," Brad called, not loud. "Leontine, this is Brad Tolliver."

The woman turned, stopping too. You could not tell she was blind. But you could tell she was beautiful.

"How-de-do," she said.

"How about a little lift?" he said. "Since you've bought out Mr. Parham's grocery."

"Oh, it's not far," she said. "It really ain't. Isn't, I mean."

Yasha Jones had got out of the car.

"I want you to know my friend," Brad said. "This is Yasha Jones. Miss Purtle, Mr. Jones. Call him Yasha."

She switched the market bag to her left hand and put out the right. She put it out, Yasha Jones noticed, directly at him. He took her hand, wondering with a little sense of guilt, if she would have found his own.

She was staring into his face with a gaze that seemed to spring from some deep, devoted clarity of being. He said something appropriate, in that moment studying her face, feeling again guilty, as though he were spying on a defenseless nakedness, thinking, too, that it was a beautiful face, pale except for the patch of color, faintly hectic, on each cheek bone, the short chin rounded but with a slight cleft, the lower lip full, delicately pink, the teeth rather small and very even, very white. The color on the cheek, it had to be natural, he decided. No blind woman — no woman, in fact, without the benefit of an expert make-up technician — could get anything like that effect. The lips, too, he decided.

He had leaned to take the shopping bag. He touched her left arm, holding it lightly to guide her into the car. She turned a smile upon him, a smile of the utmost simplicity. He was glad, somehow, that she didn't say anything, even "Thank you," or some such banality.

She sat in the middle of the big bucket seat, sitting straight, her feet side by side on the floor, her knees together, her hands lying in her lap. Yasha Jones had slipped into the back, and let the market bag down between his feet.

"Oh, it's so deep," she said. "The seat, I mean. They say it's a Jaguar. I've never been in a Jaguar before."

"You're in one now," Brad said.

"Oh," she breathed.

"Well," he laughed, "you might lean back and enjoy it."

"Oh," she breathed again, and timidly let herself lean back. Then, after a moment, she let her head down against the cushion, her face upward now, the eyes open, apparently staring into the depth of the sky, where the first color of evening had begun to grow.

Yasha Jones thought: *She cannot see the color of the sky.*

Then he saw the other man take a quick sidewise glance at her, and in seeing that, felt a little abortive flush of anger. Then, with some humor, he said to himself that that was exactly what he himself had been doing: spying.

Propped on the cushion, the girl's head rolled, ever so gently, with the creeping motion of the car. Her hands lay on her lap. The faintest smile, the smile of a person alone, or dreaming, touched her face, over which the light washed. She had shut her eyes. For an instant Yasha Jones thought that she had shut her eyes against the light.

"Listen, Leontine," Brad was asking, "is it all right if we stop by for a second? I wanted to introduce my friend to the Sheriff. He wants to meet him."

"Of course, Mr. Tolliver," she said, in a quiet, dreamy voice. "Poppa — he would like to see your friend."

She had not lifted her head from its luxurious motion on the seat back and all the while her body seemed to flow into, flow with, the motion of the car.



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Then the car had stopped.

It was a small squarish white clapboard house, a story and a half, set rather high on spindly brick piers, between which some latticing, here and there, yet remained. The eaves of the narrow porch were decorated, though sparely, with gingerbread scroll work. On the porch, under the scroll work, was the bright metal of the wheel chair. In the chair was the old Sheriff.

At the gate, Yasha Jones gave a quick glance back toward town. Yes, from here you could see the upper part of Lorton's Hardware Store. For an instant, he had the fleeting sense of an enclosed space, shadows, the boom of a .44, the smell of burnt cordite.

*

They were in the car. Neither said a word. Brad was thinking how, after introducing Yasha to the Sheriff, he had had that impulse. He had said to Leontine that he wanted to leave a note for Mr. Digby, he had forgotten to tell him something today at the dam, would she please show him his room. She led him into the house.

The interior was precisely what he had known it would be, the varnished pine floor, the patches of floral carpet, the beaded portieres, the chromo of a woman, flimsily clad, holding to a great stone cross in the midst of a dark and stormy sea, the smell of something cooking. She had led him up the narrow stairs, to the room rented by Digby. He had leaned over Digby's table, aware of how close the woman stood beside him, just out of range of his vision, wondering what the hell he would write to Digby now that he was here in this little house that smelled of varnish and pine resin. He heard a sparrow in the gutter. He heard the breathing of the woman. He had wondered what the hell she was thinking. He had wished she wouldn't stand so damned close, it was spooky. Suddenly, he had written something. He had invited Digby to come the next night for a drink.

You had to write something.

*

Now, in the Jaguar, he turned to Yasha Jones. "Christ," he exclaimed, "I just got it!"

Then after a moment: "Too bad we can't use it."

"What?"

"We would be sued individually and collectively. Some shyster would sure come in and work it up." He paused. "But Christ," he breathed, "it would be great."

"What?"

"Listen," Brad said. "Juicy blind girl. Young engineer rooming in house. Sympathy. Wonders what it is like to be blind. Light is dark, dark is light. To be in velvety darkness which is your light, to be free of something, to fall deeper into something — Jesus!"

He turned again to Yasha Jones letting the car drift.

"Listen," he said, "did you notice how she was? How she could sort of let go and sink into something?"

"Yes."

"OK," he said. "Work up all that jazz. Young engineer thinks how they say a blind person feels more, gets to wondering if it would rub off on you with a blind person. Young engineer, out of sympathy, gets her to talk about how it is to be blind. He practices shutting his own eyes. Gets strange excitement shutting his own eyes. But listen —"

He paused.

Then: "Here is the gimmick. The guy is a perfectly decent looking guy. But for one thing. He has a —"

He stopped.

He found that his glance had fallen upon Yasha Jones. Yasha Jones was not wearing his hat. His left side was toward Brad Tolliver, who, in that insant, with a sickening swoop of his guts, saw the scar on the bald skull and thought: *Christ, that's where I got it! Christ, he'll know I got it there. Oh, Christ!*

"Yes," Yasha Jones was asking, courteously, "a what?"

"A birthmark —" Brad said.

And thought: *Christ, did I come in fast enough?"*

Saying: "— a hell of a thing, purple, on one side of his face. It comes up under the eye, too high for a beard to help, yeah, you've seen 'em, yeah, a hell of a thing —"

He wished to God he could quit laying it on. But if you laid it on thick enough then, somehow, you were innocent, you were bound to be innocent.

"— one hell of a thing. And you know, he

**Movie** *continued page 82*



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Marvin Bell

## Half-Time Poems: The Beauty Queen

Contention
is absent — things that shouldn't talk
shouldn't talk — fossils act
accordingly: all this
runs through my mind
all the while she is led
toward the fifty yard line
like a small thing, creeping
toward a point half-way
between everything.
But don't go getting
any wrong ideas. I mean to say
everyone's agreed
she need say nothing
to be voted the kind of
woman we would like
to leave behind,
to represent us,
not counting the extremes
of which such a miss
fit to be everyone's half-time
queen is capable. If she raises in us
doubts, pomp
and circumstance help us
ignore them. It is not what flows
through our minds we know
she appeals to. Go on thinking.
Go on wishing.
But go on keeping quiet.
No one asked you
your opinion, no one asked you
to judge.
Only crazy people
knock a queen.

## Objects About

She says the picture
goes over there, she will say it
belongs over here.
How easily she moves
objects about.
Nothing forbids her.
If she decides
I will have a new living
room tomorrow, then
I will have it.
But let her move my books,
my lists, my mail,
a note of no apparent use,
and I might as well
move out.
I can find nothing,
nor do I know
what to look for.
I know she has the weight
of the century behind her
right to relocate.
In spite of myself,
I object, knowing nothing
is used once
it is straightened-up.
Let her move the furniture
and leave the house my thoughts
live in alone.
The only surroundings I care for
are cluttered
with furnishings
half in our minds.
Words keep us warmer
than we think.
The landscape has no meaning
without them.
I was never taught
it was reprehensible
to say so.



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## A Love Note

Let me say this once
that you are foolish
and have no sense of me,
even when birds
I do not ignore
fly by my notice,
or there is something particular
in the window I point to,
or, particularly, beyond it.
Let me say this once
that you have been too near
me, and have listened too well,
and have believed too much,
seeing as I said it.

Peter Viereck

## Ode to Joy

1.

At the edge of the city,
Where birch and oak burst asphalt,
No longer son of gods,
Not yet godless,
The man of the city
Stands between acre and asphalt,
Hears in his pulse the far ones,
Near as in sea-shells.

2.

He is a grandson.
"Better fully a robot"
(He is a grandson lamenting)
"Than half-way a sky-born.
I, child of
The clang-bang progress-promise,
I am more *from* than *to*.
Help me, music."

3.

The softer trees
Are good for making music:
"Not son but grandson of tides,
Half flesh, half metal
At the edge of the city:
Remember we loved you; remember
To hear our tide inside you.
Claim your birthright."

4.

At the edge of exhaustion
The man holds on to sky.
The man holds on alone,
Far from the near ones.
The harder trees
Are good for making axes. . . .
"I can hold on no more.
Grandfathers, kill me."



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# 2 x One

Lost: An Ambassador

Nations and the Moral Law

Salvador de Madariaga



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# LOST: An Ambassador

*". . . but this was the first news I had of the whole thing. No one had asked me whether I wanted to be an ambassador at all."*

SHORTLY before Christmas 1930, I arrived in New York from England. I was then Professor of Spanish Studies in the University of Oxford, and had arranged with the academic authorities that Professor Onis, my colleague of Columbia University, would replace me for a whole term while I lectured in the United States for three months and later went on to work for a month each as visiting professor in the universities of Mexico and Havana. In those days, aliens arriving in this country were given on board ship a vast green sheet whose numerous columns had to be filled in with answers to all kinds of questions. I duly resisted the temptation to bracket together ARE YOU A POLYGAMIST? with ARE YOU AN ATHEIST? writing in I AM A POLYTHEIST as well as one or two more similar hankerings at frivolity provoked by the humourless nature of some of the questions; I filled in the column ADDRESS IN THE U.S.A. as "c/o Thomas W. Lamont, 107 East 70th," and as to the contemplated length of my stay, my answer was "About three months."

On March 31st of the following year (1931) I crossed the Mexican frontier by train. I settled down in Mexico City and began work as visiting professor in the University. On April 12th, the municipal elections held simultaneously in all Spain revealed a republican (*i.e.*, an anti-monarchist) majority in forty-nine out of the fifty head cities (capitals of provinces) in Spain. King Alfonso chose to interpret this result as a notice of dismissal inflicted on him by the nation, though it turned out that the countryside was by no means as unfavourable to him as the capitals. On the following day, April 13th, Genaro Estrada, the Mexican Foreign Secretary, asked me to dine with him in a well known restaurant in the city. He was a distinguished man of letters and we were good friends. He pointedly imparted to me that we should be by ourselves. I wondered what he had in mind and whether he would have something to say to me on the Spanish situation.

I soon found out that his mind was elsewhere. It so happened that the Day of the Americas was to be launched on the following morning, April 14th, to be celebrated thereafter every year on the same date; and it had been prearranged that the Mexican press would carry a message from President Hoover and another message from President Ortiz Rubio, of Mexico. This second document had been drafted by Genaro Estrada, and he wanted me to read it and give him my opinion of it. Genaro Estrada wielded an elegant pen, and his simple but noble Spanish gave expression to a mind by no means shallow. I thoroughly enjoyed reading such excellent sense clad in such a distinguished style. I told him so, and he was pleased. "Tomorrow morning," he said, "it will be on the front page of all our newspapers . . ." and he added, with a mischievous smile, ". . . under another man's name."

As a one time official of the League of Nations who had drafted many a speech and many a report for delegates more eminent than vocal, I sympathised. But April 14th dawned on Mexico City and the Mexican newspapers sallied forth from their dark printing halls to the light of streets and squares, and the presidential messages were absent from their front pages, tucked away in the third or fourth or tenth: the front page and the screaming titles carried a more dramatic piece of news: King Alfonso had left Spain and the Spanish Republic had been declared. To celebrate the event, the citizens of Mexico were on the move in marches and countermarches which led to clashes and to some wounded though fortunately to no deaths.

The city was agog as if the events in Spain had happened in Mexico. The papers were soon circulating all kinds of stories on the ambassadors the new Republican government would appoint. According to these stories, the trend in Madrid was to seek the new heads of diplomatic missions among well known intellectuals who, owing to their knowledge of foreign lands and independence from the State and its policies, might be thought more reliable than members of the diplomatic service, then suspected (not always accurately) of monarchist leanings. Telegrams from Madrid published in the Mexican press would attribute one Spanish embassy or other to practically every well known man of letters in Spain; to such an extent that one of them, who happened to be in New York at the time, humorously explained to an interviewer that he did not figure in these fancy lists because as he was already abroad the



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Government did not have to give him an embassy in order to get rid of him.

Though I also was abroad, my name did now and then appear in these fancy lists as a would-be ambassador, now here now there; but I paid no attention to such rumours and finished my term as visiting professor in Mexico at the end of the month, when I had to move on to Havana. But, of course, I had to get a new passport. The Mexican Embassy was then provisionally led by a chargé d'affaires whom I knew well. He was by no means an enthusiastic monarchist, and proceeded to strike out royalist mottoes and emblems and to write in their corresponding Republican substitutes with a glee he neither would nor could conceal. (This same diplomat in later years, back in Mexico to act for Franco, was murdered for political reasons.)

On May 1st, 1931, I landed in Havana. The Cuban papers carried the news that Secretary of State Stimson had expressed his satisfaction at my appointment as Spanish Ambassador in Washington. It was extremely kind of him and very flattering to me, I am sure, but this was the first news I had of the whole thing. No one had asked me whether I wanted to be an ambassador at all. No one, in fact, had troubled to enquire whether I was willing to serve the Republic at all. I had given no one any reason whatever for thinking that I was a Republican — or, for that matter, a Monarchist. I had often spoken and written in a strong critical vein about the ways of the Monarchy but had never rejected the monarchical system as such.

Thomas Lamont, my New York host, was in Athens at the time. He cabled his congratulations, and wrote me a letter owning that not even my appointment as ambassador could allay his concern over a loan that his firm, Morgan's, had granted monarchical Spain a few months earlier. The authorities of the University of Oxford were nonplussed, and, I soon gathered, thoroughly displeased. No wonder. How could they guess that I had been appointed not only without my consent but even without my knowledge? I stayed in Havana about a week, and left for Spain in the Spanish liner Cristóbal Colón, which happened to call at New York. We had not yet reached the statue of Liberty when a host of pressmen invaded my cabin addressing me as Mr. Ambassador. "There is no ambassador in this cabin," I firmly declared. My remark was received with a chorus of grins, if I dare mix that metaphor. "There is no ambassador in this cabin," I repeated. "May we say so?", they asked. And I answered, "Certainly." Off they went. When the ship at last had manoeuvred herself into the quayside, the whole of the embassy staff filed into my cabin and showed me the telegrams and other documents pertinent to the case. I was the Ambassador of the Spanish Republic to the United States.

I landed, drove to the Spanish Consulate General and called Madrid. I had never met the Republican Minister of Foreign Affairs, Señor Lerroux. I spoke to my old acquaintance, Fernando de los Rios, then Minister of Justice, later my successor as Ambassador in Washington. I pointed out to him that I was the Professor of Spanish Studies of the University of Oxford and as such had definite duties towards that institution; I also gave vent to my surprise at the cavalier way the whole transaction had been handled without as much as notifying, let alone consulting, me. "Oh, you know," came the answer through the cable, "a revolutionary Government. . . . You must make allowances for unusual circumstances. You cannot leave us in the lurch."

I arrived in Madrid towards the close of May, got my instructions, and proceeded to Oxford, where I had no difficulty in placating the authorities. The Vicechancellor was then the Master of Pembroke, a learned divine, who, as often happens with dignitaries of the Church of England, was no less discriminating a scholar among vintages than among texts. He offered me some of the reputed Port of the College, which I, being at lunch, declined; but he insisted on the ground that one does not throw away an opportunity to drink Pembroke Port. I granted the principle and changed my mind accordingly, then asked my host to reveal to me the cause of the excellence of that reputed wine. "There is a rule," he explained, "that no Port can be drunk in this college that has not slept twenty years under our roof."

I bowed before this fresh proof of the mellowness and maturity of the English academic mind and pointed out to my host that I was proud of the fact that English culture rested on the Iberian Peninsula to such an extent, since it was mostly founded on Oxford and Cambridge, which both, so to speak, floated on Sherry and Port.

A few weeks later, I arrived in Washington and presented credentials to President Hoover. I had been at my work for a fortnight or so when I received a letter from Thomas Lamont. "You will be interested," he wrote, "in the en-



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closed correspondence." There was a letter from the Secretary of Labor to Thomas Lamont:

"Dear Mr. Lamont: Shortly before Christmas an alien by the name of Salvador de Madariaga landed in this country. In his papers, he stated that he was going to stay with you and that he would remain here about three months. There is no trace of this man having left. Could you let us have his present address?"

And there was a copy of Lamont's answer:

"My dear Secretary of Labor: I am happy to be able to give you the present address of the alien in question. It is as follows: H. E. Don Salvador de Madariaga, Spanish Ambassador, Washington."

Since the immigration authorities had lost track of me, I had crossed their nets no less than four times: one out of the country and into Mexico at Nuevo Laredo; twice, in and out at New York on my way from Havana to Spain; once on arriving in New York as Spanish Ambassador: Oh supreme utility — or is it futility? — of passports and visas!

I wrote to the Acting Secretary of State (Mr. Stimson was then in Europe):

"Dear Mr. Castle: I enclose copies of a correspondence between Mr. Thomas Lamont and the Secretary of Labour. It speaks for itself. However, I feel that I ought to add that I did leave this country about three months after my landing, *i.e.*, at the end of March, by the Mexican frontier at New Laredo."

To which Mr. Castle was good enough to reply:

"I shall forward your letter and other papers to my colleague of Labour. One thing, however, I may say at once: Mr. Ambassador, you shall not be expelled from this country."

And so we laughed it off.

# Nations and the Moral Law

Salvador de Madariaga

*People who act as nations do are either jailed or committed to mental institutions. Why the double standard?*

You all remember that scene in D. Quixote when Sancho and his master on their way to Barcelona are watching how the famous Catalan brigand Roque Guinart deals with his gang of bandits. Roque Guinart, says Cervantes, "made his men stand in a row and having ordered all the clothes, jewels and money, and everything else they had robbed since their last distribution to be brought; and having rapidly valued everything, turning into money all that could not be shared, he distributed it all among the whole company with so much legality and prudence that he in no whit went beyond nor infringed the rules of distributive justice. Roque said to D. Quixote: 'If I did not observe such punctuality towards my men, I could not live with them.' Whereupon Sancho pointed out: 'If I am to judge by what I have seen here, justice is so good that it must be practised even among thiefs.' " A remark which very nearly cost him his life, not because he had praised justice but because he had called thieves thieves.

It seems to me that every element of our inquiry had already been included by Cervantes in this lively scene. A community of men acting within a larger community with no respect for justice *outside* its own circle finds it indispensable to respect justice *within* its own circle; it finds it so in order to live in peace; and its members, though fully aware of what their profession is, will not tolerate outsiders to call them thieves because their group-sense of honour is at stake.

By now you are all aware that I am hasarding a parallel between the nation in the world community and the band of brigands in the national community. Let us imagine the communities to which an individual belongs as concentric circles. The individual is the centre. The first circle is his family; the second, the group, more or less inchoate, of his acquaintances; the third, the business organism — farm, factory, university, — where he works; the fourth, his city; the fifth (if he belongs to a federal State), his "land"; the sixth, his nation; the seventh, his



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continental group; the eighth, the world community. Why should a moral law be necessary for his life within all those circles and suddenly stop at the sixth? Why should a nation respect justice within its own circle and flout it outside it? Remember the advice of the Catalan brigand: justice is indispensable if we are to live in peace. How can we live in peace in the world of nations if the moral law does not apply to the relations between them?

But things are even more complicated than my geometrical illustration might suggest. The series of concentric circles I have described does not exhaust the groups which have to be considered for our purpose. That series leaves out two important kinds of wars: religious wars and class wars. Throughout her history, Europe has suffered unspeakable horrors owing to these two forms of human aggressiveness. Both class and religion have been invoked as motives to split the world of men into enemy camps; both have obscured the light of reason to the point of considering as just whatever suited the book of one side in the war and as unjust whatever suited the book by the other side. Everybody is familiar with the claims made to-day by communism to define justice as all that which benefits the ultimate victory of communism; and in the name of this aberration, to justify such things as the infrahuman crimes of the Soviet concentration camps, the murder of the three Baltic States, the extermination of several Soviet federated republics and the assault on Hungary. As for religious wars, who has forgotten the blood and misery they so often brought on our poor Europe?

Whence come all these aberrations? A woman was once showing her child a picture of the Roman circus with Christian martyrs being thrown to the lions. "Oh!", the child cried out in a voice full of sympathy, "look at that poor lion which has no Christian to eat!" Within the limits of the picture shown to him, the child was right. It was not just that one of the lions should have no Christian to eat while others had plenty. However, we soon discover what is wrong the moment we refer the event to a wider frame of reference. But let us not think that this story is just a fanciful anecdote without a political or historical import. On the contrary; it portrays a pattern of events only too frequent in our positive day-to-day world. Here is a personal experience. I once (about twenty years ago) asked a prominent, I might say a very prominent member of the British Labour Party whether it would be fair to describe the Labour Party as a group of shareholders of John Bull & Co. who wanted a fairer distribution of the profits from its skilful exploitation of other lands and peoples. He answered in the affirmative. So, what is the difference between the Labour Party and that child pitying the lion? The Labour Party then (not now, at any rate, nothing like to the same extent) was like a child saying to the nation: "Look at all these poor English lions, who have no coolies to exploit!"

Something may then be just within a limited frame of reference and yet unjust when referred to a wider frame. And as there seems to be no particular reason to limit the field of reference, the ultimate standard must perforce be neither the nation nor the class, the colour nor the faith but the whole of mankind.

*

Let us now take the second hint which Cervantes suggests in his picturesque scene. The leader of the brigands applies the rule of law within his community because, he explains, that is the way to live in peace within the community. The moral law is indeed the basis of peace. So says the brigand. And he is right. But please note that in his opinions, at any rate, this Catalan brigand was very much ahead of such an eminent lawyer as John Austin, who three centuries later conceived law as that which can be enforced. We are here at the very kernel of our problem. Is law the outcome of force or force the outcome of law?

If law is the outcome of force, law need not be moral. If force is the outcome of law, law must be moral. Our inquiry may be put in other words: is the State founded on the police or is the police founded on the State? We say the police is founded on the State; because, without the State, the police is but a band of bullies who fancy wearing peculiar clothes. The State itself is based on public opinion.

This conclusion has been obscured by the fact that there have been in the past, and there are to-day, States which only exist by bullying the nation through a police force, an "army" or any other armed body. But even in these cases, the State rests on public opinion; for without the consensus of the public opinion of the ruling class and police it would collapse; and because the general public opinion is circumvented, controlled, bullied and in every way interfered with to prevent it from wanting or effecting a change.



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What happens is that the State so misruled is split in two: a bullying and a bullied State. But the bullying State is still ruled by public opinion, within itself and fearful of public opinion in the lower, bullied sector.

It is therefore evident that these communities which seem to rest on physical force rest on moral force. The only difference between the regime of, say, Germany to-day and that of, say, Germany under Hitler or Russia under Khrushchev, is in the width of the basis of the moral force on which it rests: in Germany to-day it covers 99% at least of the population; in Nazi Germany or Communist Russia only the minority or bullying part of the population. But without the public opinion of the ruling thousands, the ruled millions, though outwardly quiescent, could not be said to be at peace.

It follows that the attitude of a ruling minority in a totalitarian or tyrannical State is akin to that of the unruly or "amoral" nation in the world community. Both flout the moral law outside their circle but have to respect it inside. In some cases, such as those of Stalin and Hitler, the ruler was led by his omnipotence to infringe the moral law even within the group. But even then, he had to rely on an inner group within the group, and in this more restricted area, to rule by conviction and not by sheer brute force. The core of the tool of government must always be a moral force no matter how physical the force actually applied to the nation may happen to be.

Thus, the Soviet Union to-day behaves in violation of every moral law with regard to Hungary, for instance, just like Roque Guinart behaved towards any rich merchants or princes that fell under his power; but unlike the Catalan highwayman, she does not deal fairly with her band. Nevertheless, she has to hold the band (*i.e.*, the nation) by means and through the loyalty, discipline and, so to speak, moral force of the communist party.

*

There lurks here a confusion due to the three meanings of the word moral. This word may mean ethical; it may mean customary; it may mean non-physical; and, what is worse, the first two meanings overlap, for many customs are ethical; and, over and above that, most of us are inclined to consider as an ethical duty to conform with every custom of the community in which we live. Thus, most civilized human beings will think it not merely ethical but the very peak and summit of good behaviour to fight and die for their country with no examination whatever of the issue whether their country's cause is just, indifferent or downright criminal; and, curiously enough, this state of mind in an army is known as its "*morale*." Obviously we are not here beholding a conflict between a physical and a moral force; but one between two moral, *i.e.*, non-physical forces, one of which is immoral, *i.e.*, non-ethical.

One step further and we banish physical force altogether from the realm of our disquisition. *Among men, there is no physical force ever; for every seemingly physical force among men is in fact moral.*

Here is a cavalry regiment, dragooning a city into obedience. Is this physical force? Yes, in so far as there are horses trampling men, women and children. (Now-a-days, the horses have become tanks.) But that is all. The men are soldiers. And a soldier is always a unit of moral force.

For what is a soldier? Let us leave aside for a moment the origin of the very word — a man fighting for a salary — and forget mercenaries. A soldier is a member of an army; an army is an institution; an institution is a body of men united by a moral law in the service of some cause. In the case of an army this cause is the fatherland.

Totalitarian and tyrannical regimes never admit that they are a minority of oppressors bullying the majority of oppressed. They claim to incarnate the Fatherland. They are not a physical force. They are a fake, a forgery of a moral law. And even in extreme cases when a tyrant or a tyrannous minority will appeal to a foreign band of mercenaries or to a foreign army to hold down his or their own people, the tyrant will claim to be saving his country from some imminent danger and the foreign army must have its own moral law to remain being an army; and the foreign mercenaries some sort of higher moral allegiance to keep in the ranks and face death. As instances, we might think of Kadar asking in the Russians; and of Franco bringing in the Moors to fight a civil war in Spain.

At the risk of running this hare of physical force outside the bounds of our field, let me say that even if the man who strikes a blow at another man is not a soldier, his blow is not dealt by physical but by moral force. This is the in-



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evitable outcome of the fact that man is a rational animal and knows what he is doing. Of course by "moral" here we mean "not physical"; and we have to own that most blows exchanged between men are the outcome of moral forces which are immoral, *i.e.*, of non-physical forces which are non-ethical. But for a man to fight he must mobilise his courage, decision, cunning, presence of mind and will, all kinds of forces which count far more than — and contribute to — the amount of physical energy he puts behind his fists. Such are the non-physical (and most of them amoral) forces which make up the *morale* of an army.

It may therefore be convenient, for the sake of clearness, to decide that from now on in our disquisition we shall limit the adjective *moral* to its strictly ethical meaning, and call all other forces physical, since after all, they are all natural.

It is now possible to go a little more closely into the reason given to Don Quixote by the leader of the band of brigands for respecting justice in their midst. Without justice, he said, he could not live with his companions. He obviously meant that he could have no peace. For peace is the condition of all bearable life for men. But it is not always the case that men actually understand the essence of this condition which they find to be the indispensable of their collective life. Hence their frequent troubles and miseries.

The chief misunderstanding comes from imagining peace as a passive, negative state, such as sleep ("he sleeps peacefully") or even death ("the peace of the dead"). But peace is an active state. The mere fact that disturbances and violence do not break loose in a community does not prove that it enjoys peace. A community in which millions of human beings abstain from activities which in a healthy society would be legitimate and therefore useful is not at peace, nor therefore in good moral collective health.

We might define peace as the free exercise of the activities of the men and groups within a community under rules freely acquiesced in by all of them. This state of things is the only one which human beings will recognize as acceptable; it is therefore the only one which will not give rise to tensions of disagreement which sooner or later, in one form or another, must lead to strife, *i.e.*, to a rupture of outward peace.

We thus discover that peace and freedom are so closely allied that one might be tempted to consider them as two sides of the same coin. One often hears totalitarian or tyrannical regimes boast of their success in achieving internal peace. There never was such a thing as peace in a totalitarian or tyrannical State. What there is is a daily battle most if not all of the losses being undergone by the people, while the tyrant or ruling party covers events up under a cloak of censorship. The proof of this is that such States spend huge sums in manning and arming their police forces.

Therefore, justice, peace and freedom are a trinity: three aspects of the same thing. And this trinity is indispensable for civilised human life. It goes without saying that the very core of this trinity is respect for the moral law.

*

If now we are asked whether all this applies to political life, our answer would be: it is the very essence of political life. Justice, peace and freedom are all essentially political terms. Our argument has borne essentially on the relations between individuals and institutions in a community, which are precisely the categories ruled by politics. The question does not even arise. If it is being asked, perhaps the reason is that a doubt still lingers as to whether the moral law applies to the doings of a nation in the society of nations.

To begin with, a nation can only act through men. If therefore the moral law is compulsory for every individual being, there is no apparent reason why such an individual should be exempted from the moral law when he is acting on behalf of his country. We therefore start with a presumption against any such privilege being granted to the nation.

It must be owned, however, that nations do commit crimes and that there is such a thing as the *raison d'Etat*. The time has come to prove that the *raison d'Etat* is neither *raison* nor *d'Etat*.

This idea that all can be allowed to the State flourished without shame or pangs of conscience during the era of unlimited national sovereignty which is now dying in slow and stubborn agony. There was a time when Europe was a picturesque congeries of feudal States vaguely held together by the Emperor and the Pope. This double authority, despite its vagueness, bestowed on Europe a twofold moral solidarity, at a time when commerce and communications



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were so rudimentary that material solidarity was almost inexistent not only as between people and people but even as between city and city, farm and farm.

The moral solidarity of Europe was shattered towards the end of the fifteenth century by a threefold event: the rise of the great western nations, Spain, France and England; the discovery of America; and the Reformation. Hence the era of absolute monarchy and of international anarchy. This anarchy did not, however, altogether destroy Europe because the powerful, amoral nations that rise then find a wide field to their activities in the whole planet, just as the Stauffenberg-bomb did not kill Hitler because it exploded in what was practically an open space.

But now the world has returned, though on a wider field, to a situation similar to that which ends with the fifteenth century. Curiously enough, the situation is the same though inverted. Then, material solidarity was almost non-existent, while moral solidarity was strong. Now material solidarity is almost complete, but moral solidarity is still feeble. And there are misguided voices which deny that the moral law applies to the international world.

We say: Does the world Community exist? Obviously, yes. A firm in Düsseldorf or Munich is but an organism fed with raw materials from Spain, Tanganyika, Ceylon and Chile, exploiting ideas coming from a Frenchman, an Englishman, a German and a Swede, and selling its products in South America and in India. You may call that a German firm. But what does that mean? That the head of the octopus is on German soil. To-morrow, it may even go and settle in Rio de Janeiro.

Railways, aircraft, wires and radio-waves, have made the world community. In this dense net of human relations of all kinds — farms, firms, theatres, books, cinemas, ships, sport, scientific, artistic associations, tourism — in this organic tissue of a living world-body, why should some viscerae called Germany, the United States or Britain claim immunity from the moral law? The community exists. It must therefore live under the aegis of our trinity: justice-freedom-peace. And we know that the core of this trinity is the moral law.

*

All this, of course, is confirmed even by those who would deny it. Remember what happened to Sancho when he ventured to say that justice is necessary even among thieves. A thief very nearly killed him. Here is the Soviet Union standing with both boots on the neck of half of Europe. Does she tolerate to be described as a tyrant? No, Sir. The Eastern European States are all "Democratic, popular republics"; and when a western statesman asks that Kadar refrain from hanging a Hungarian freedom fighter, the Soviet Union solemnly complains that Hungary's internal affairs are being interfered with. This nauseating hypocrisy, what does it mean but that even the Soviet Union acknowledges the rule of the moral law at the very time and place when and where she violates it? As the French classic said: "Hypocrisy is the homage which virtue pays to vice."

*

There is no weightier issue to-day than this one we are discussing. From the answer we give to it depends the issue of the cold war. If we conclude that the world of nations is ruled by a modern version of the old Faustrecht, we are lost. If we remain faithful to the view that the moral law holds good for all relations between men and their institutions, no matter the size and nature of such institutions, we are bound to win the cold war.

For the issue is simple. The world community exists. It must be governed. Such is the challenge of our day. The Soviet Union sees the challenge. She answers it, according to her quantity creed, in size but not in quality. She intends to organise the world community as a Soviet-controlled dictatorship. This, up to a point, makes sense. And because it makes sense, the Soviet Union is every day winning wider and wider sectors of world public opinion. Fortunately for us, the policy of the Soviet Union makes sense as to size, *i.e.*, it is conceived on a world-scale; but does not make sense as to quality, for it proceeds regardless of justice-freedom-peace.

What about our side? Unfortunately, the West does not see the challenge. The West, in fact, does not exist as a unit. The main nations of the West, and in particular, the United States and Great Britain, remain in a backward stage of evolution, still dreaming of power politics. They do not see that the world is now ruled by

**Nations** *continued page 70*



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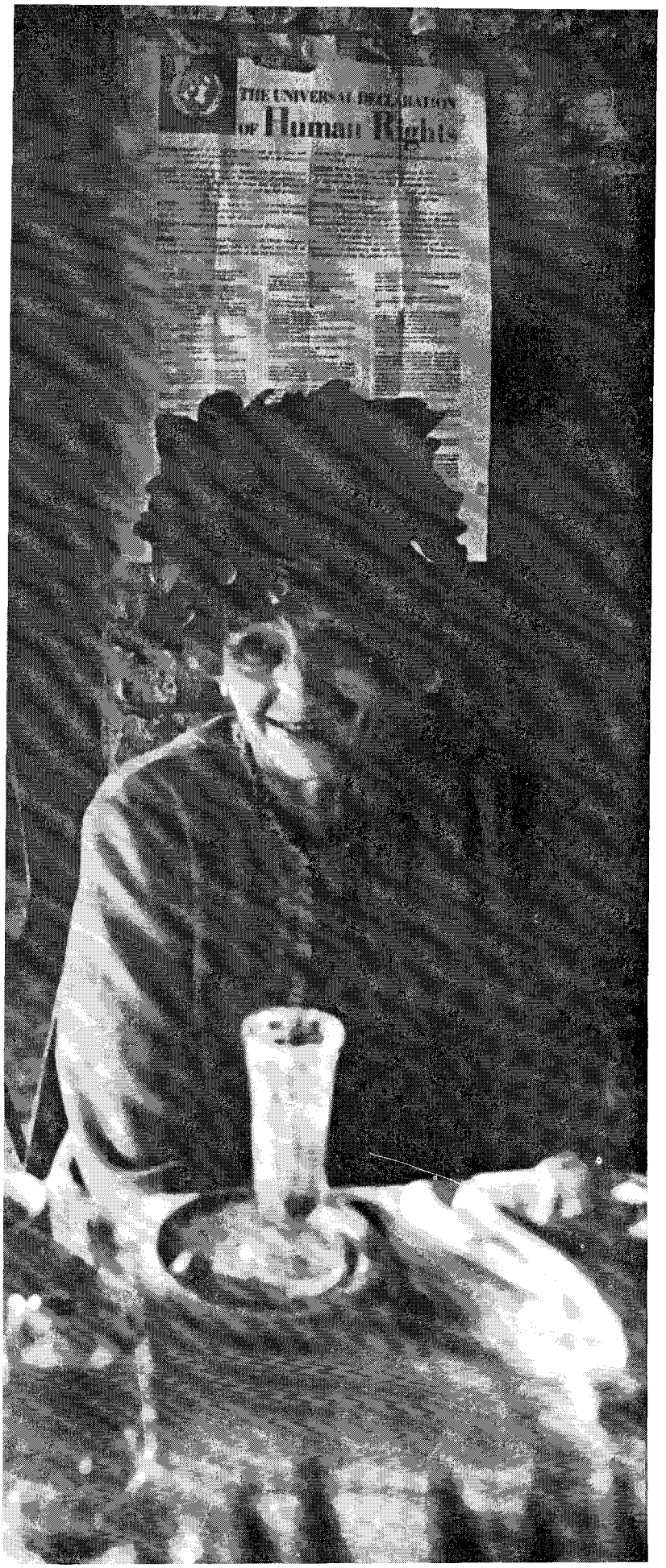


# Clubwomen of America

Joan Liffring



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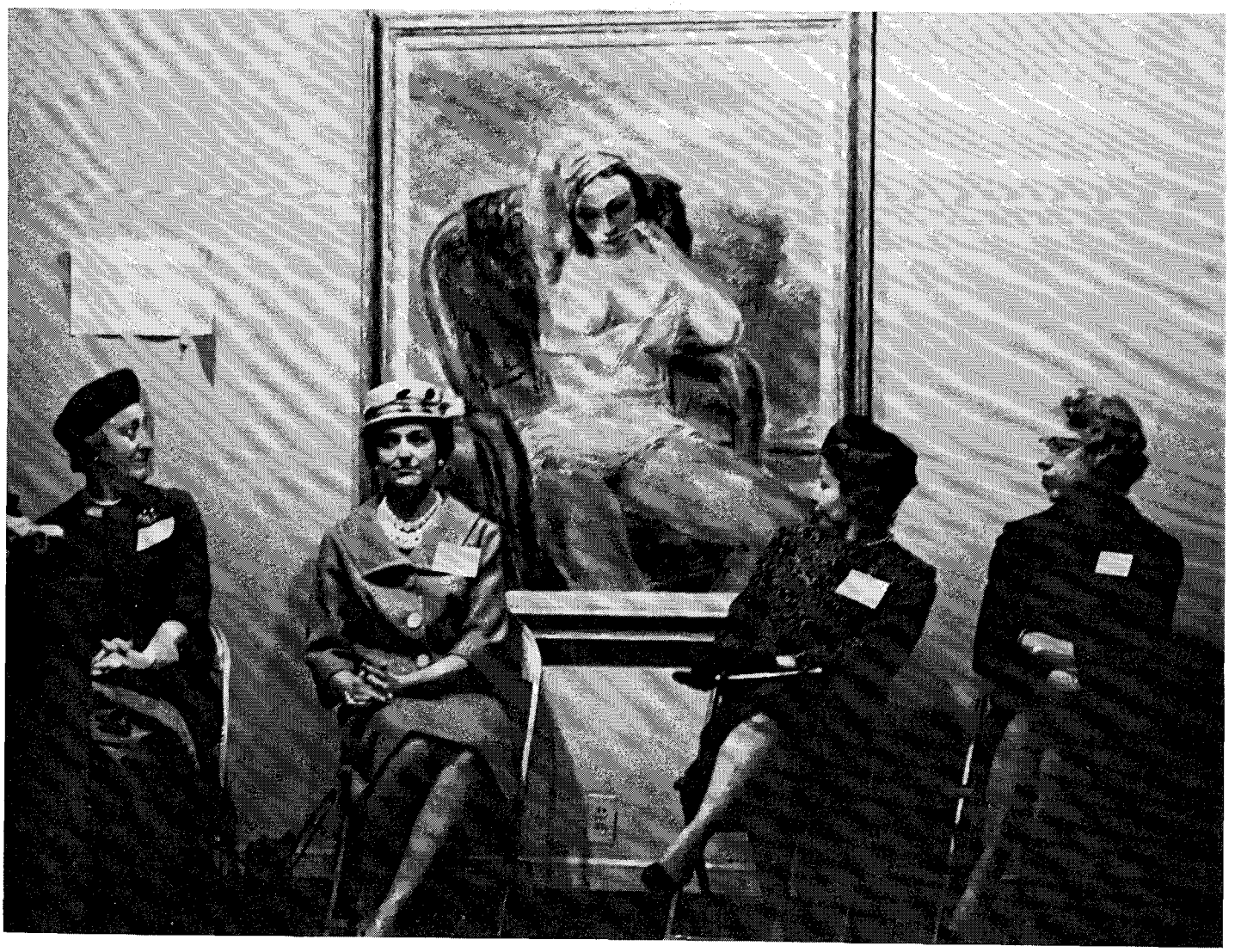



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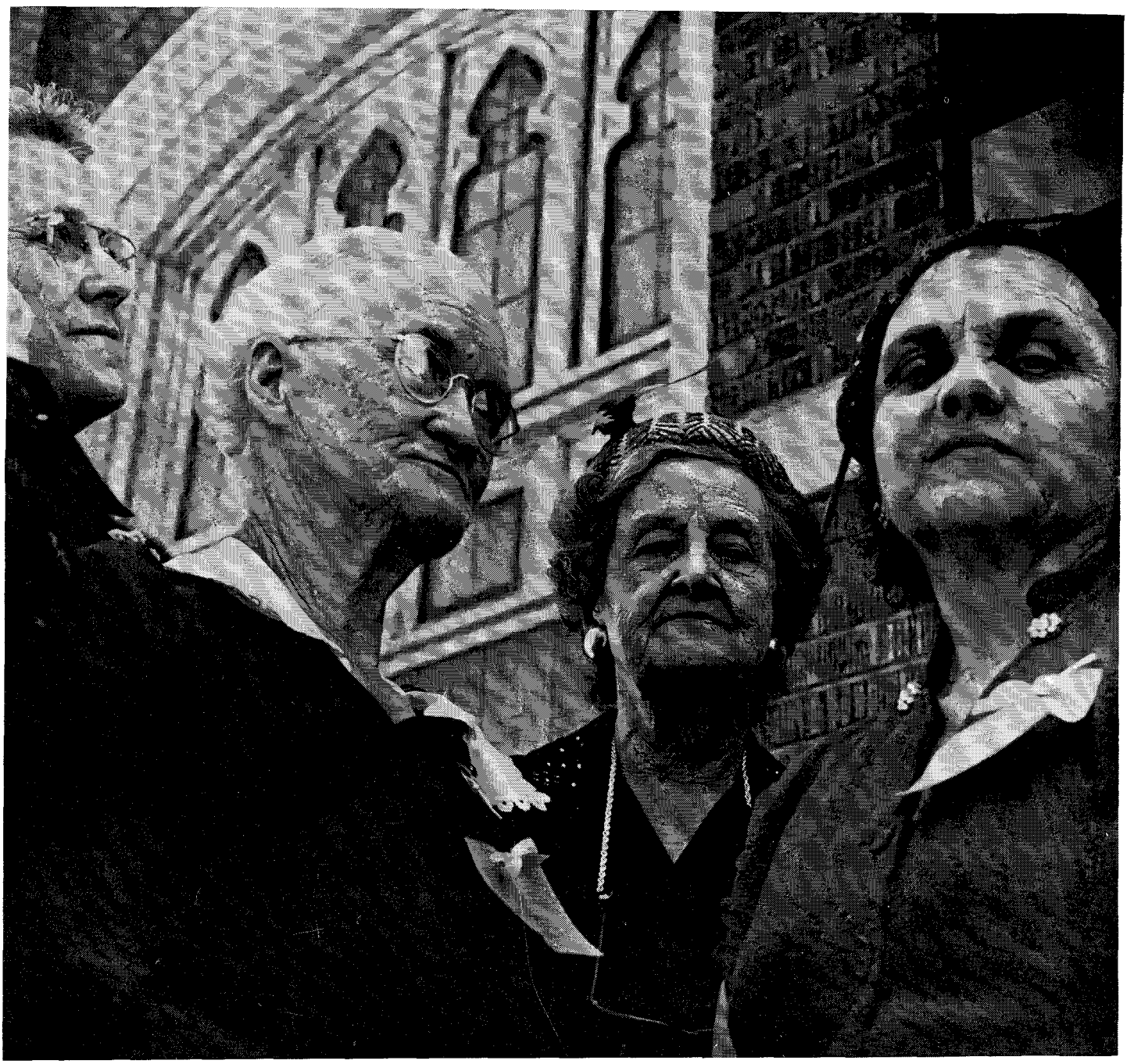



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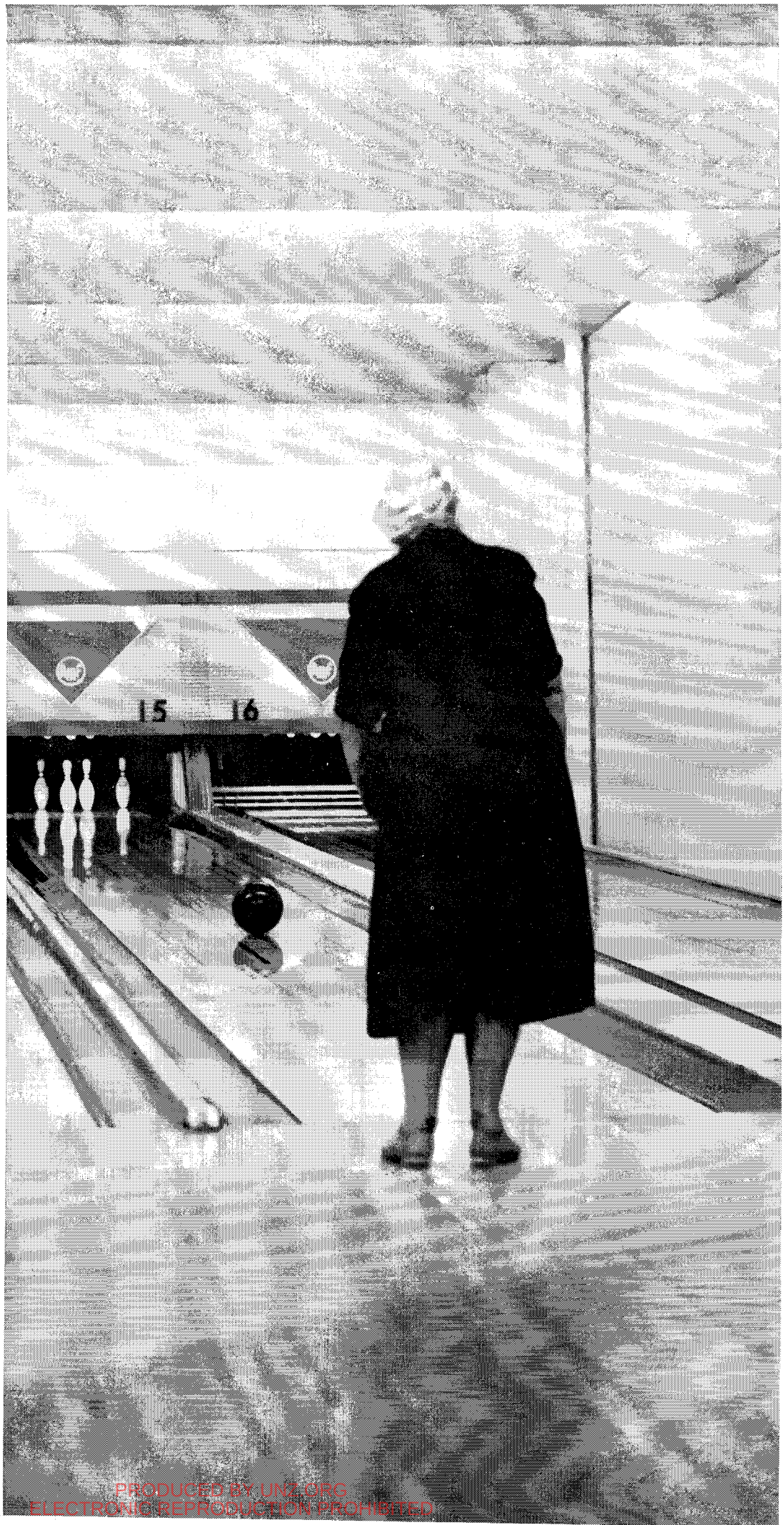


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*Egghead tweeds, The Brothers Karamazov, and the probing mind have given way to advertising flannel, The Smith Brothers, potted meat, and Big-, Big- Bigness.*

# Delusions of a University

Sheldon Zitner

Bucking Up, Wholesome Toil, the Almighty Parent — the great ideas of the nineteenth century have become the delusions of the twentieth, and the surest ways to bankruptcy or the analyst's divan. The idea of a university, Cardinal Newman's high hope for an institution that would form the mind and character of a liberal gentleman, is now also considered a delusion. The gleam has faded; even the language has become hieroglyphic. To the contemporary bunny a "liberal gentleman" is what her flapper aunt would have called a sugar-daddy, a fast-breather with revolving credit.

But one has to respect delusions. They are, after all, acts of the imagination leaping beyond the everyday. And one never knows when a delusion — take Success, for example — will become a national creed. So I want to consider certain delusions about higher learning with all the respect due their majestic queerness.

Delusions about institutions, like delusions about individuals, take the form of metaphor. One madman seems persuaded he is Napoleon, or, in our recent affluence, the whole Grande Armée. Similarly, there are people who are persuaded that a college is a Corporation, an Army, or one Big Happy Family. These delusions have some relevance to actuality. A college does get and spend, it does run on routine, and sometimes (in that phrase where Spanish and Latin leer at one another to make a point), it does act *in loco parentis*. But only barber colleges show a profit; the war against ignorance is never won; and a college, unlike Frost's idea of home, is not "The place where, when you have to go there/They have to take you in."

The most obvious effect of the Corporate delusion is the revolution in academic haberdashery. Within a generation banker's worsted and advertising flannel have routed egghead tweeds. The other day, in fact, I heard a superannuated Dean damned as "a man with tweed teeth." It is possible to doze off after dinner at the Union League and wake up in a Faculty Club, with no sense of having been translated by malign fairies. The clothes one sees are the same; one hardly even notices the wrinkles from Robert Hall's pipe-racks. The faces show little of Cassius' dangerous leanness. The beards suggest the good old Smith Brothers rather than the Brothers Karamazov. Even the lingo is the same: wise talk about teacher-markets and



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plant efficiency. The speculation followed most avidly is not the speculation of Plato, but the speculation of the Trustees with the college's endowment. Students, if they are spoken of at all, are products, which the college turns out like a potted meat.

Unfortunately, the Corporate delusion has led to an institutional disease similar to Mongolian idiocy: a vastness in head size accompanied by a general enervation. The affairs of Trinity College, Dublin (I am assured), are transacted largely by one man. But in American colleges since the 20's no matter how deeply financial reverses cut into teaching staffs, the ranks of managers and secretaries were almost never reduced. Through the vice of committees entire faculties became part-time junior executives. Inexorably, like Macy's at Christmastime, the colleges and universities are crowding up with academic floor-walkers.

Worse still, under the Corporate delusion college life is depersonalized and trivialized. Administration, faculty and students abandon the search for the true. They accept instead the mottoes: "Whatever the Traffic will Bear," and "Give the Customers What They Want": Big Football, Big Social Life, Big Curricula, Big Biggerness. The ultimate achievement of this delusion may well be the college of tomorrow: with a student body chosen by the Bureau of Standards, a curriculum formulated by I.B.M., and a faculty screentested by the Ford Foundation. Not just square, but cuboid. It may be objected that what I call a delusion is actually the effect of harsh necessity. But perhaps some of the harsh necessities are the effects of the delusion.

About the delusion that the college is an army: It is not now as widespread as it was a dozen years ago when retired generals barked orders toward ivied drillfields. Stooped shoulders and student tubas braying "Pomp and Circumstance" make a poor parade. If academia is an army, it is the Biblical army of Gideon — or, at the conventions of the learned societies, Coxey's army: the army of the unemployed.

But the worst effects of the military delusion are not a vague yearning for uniforms larger than beanies or for close order drill with irregular Latin verbs. They are the conception of academic discussion in terms of channels of communication and the conception of academic government in terms of a chain of comand. Of course, administration, faculty, and students have different privileges, rights, and responsibilities, all of which should be jealously preserved. But when these are so narrowly conceived that the campus becomes a pecking-order and statements are valued according to whether they are "talking in turn" or "talking out of turn" — all talk becomes meaningless, and irresponsible factions turn to intrigue. The bureaucracy of the American college has begun to develop a protocol like that of Byzantium; it is excellent training for the eleventh century.

The delusion of which the small college is peculiarly the victim is the delusion that a college is One Big Family. College becomes a home; dormitories houses; college personnel house-mothers. Students are encouraged to seek out Big Sisters. Big Brother is always watching someone. Somtimes the benevolent tucking-in of covers achieves the efficiency of bed-check at Leavenworth. Students are organized, organized, organized, run twice around the block and given cold gang showers. And in this Louisa May Alcott atmosphere of *Little Men* and *Little Women* they remain, for four years longer, little boys and little girls.

The results of the family delusion are the violation of human privacy and the perversion of student government into Grundyism, junior grade. Students are given access to presumably confidential information about other students. They are encouraged to make judgments beyond their competence. And what these student boards and posses lack in experience they make up in numbers. It is possible to find one student out of seven on a typical small college campus engaged in the regular business of judging and jurying his peers. This is not an objection to student government (which is another delusion), or to the governing of students (which is merely an unlikelihood). But the guide for both should be Jeffersonian: the best of either is the least.

Surely the worst effect of the Family delusion is that it diverts energies from the training of the mind to the overseeing of the body. Some of this is unavoidable. But the delusion sets up almost irresistible pressures to turn the college into either a reformatory or a finishing school, thereby driving its better students elsewhere.

I have given these delusions of the college as Corporation, Army, and Family the name of metaphor. Metaphor is a way of speaking about the new as the old, about an experience we are trying to master in terms of an experience we think we have already mastered. No wonder people apply the familiar names of business, army, and family to the rich experience of high-



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er education. And no wonder that they apply them now. It is a commonplace that modern institutions are changing rapidly, and the college, that most self-conscious of institutions, is most conscious of its change. And bitterly conscious of it.

The falling-out of the humanities and the natural sciences; the quarrel of theorists and hard-data men, of New Critics and newer; the dizzy shift of styles in art, of concepts in physics; the endless struggle over terms; the frequent failure of communication between department and department, colleague and colleague: bitterly we acknowledge them. And we acknowledge that they are not merely the result of the complexity of learning. They are the shattered mirror of even greater alienations: the rift of generation from generation, man from man. The human dialogue seems to be ending in expertise and clichés.

Against the centrifugal violence of the age, which rends institutions as it rends men, we seek in education the possibilities of university and college: the metaphor of the whole and the metaphor of order. Noble search! But it too is fraught with the dangers of delusion. If social pressures lead to delusions about the role of the college, academic pressures lead to delusions about the educational process.

The first of these delusions, the delusion of the "skeleton key," promotes a curriculum with a great body of work in one master-subject, with courses in other subjects treated only as they are related to this one. In the past the most hopelessly deluded in this way were professors of literature. Literature, they reasoned, reflects life, all of life. Let us study literature then, and we will be studying everything: psychology in *Hamlet;* history in *A Tale of Two Cities;* sociology and economics in *The Grapes of Wrath.* After studying everything, we can begin to branch out.

The trouble with this delusion, as Jefferson said about the trouble with slavery, was not only what it did to the slave, but what it did to the master. In addition to denying the student free access to other studies, this "skeleton-key" curriculum denied the student free access to literature. Literature was always studied as something else, and professors of literature became professors of things in general.

Fortunately, the era of the imperialism of the word is almost over, although one occasionally hears some sabre-rattling from Cambridge. But still the quadrangle thunders with conquering academicians on white horses of various breeds. Some ride the monstrous Percheron of Education; others the Shetland pony of group dynamics, small enough to go anywhere. Others come on long-winded Semantics, deliberate and slow; others clank mightily about on Physics, the fabulous iron steed.

I come now to a set of twin delusions, a sort of *folie à deux* among pedants, the delusion of "the grease-pit" and the delusion of "the executive suite." Both seek to organize learning with respect to a single mode of knowing. For example, the denizens of the grease-pit are under the impression that the only "real" knowledge we have comes to us directly through the senses and can be stated in quantitative terms. In moments of bleak fantasy I imagine a curriculum based on this delusion: a gadget science, the Schillinger system of music, cash-register economics, history reduced to annals, and Shakespeare treated as a sad deviation from Mr. Rudolph Flesch's equation for readable prose. But it is only a fantasy; there is no fear of its becoming fact. The very idea of a curriculum involves some minimal relations. And, as John Dewey pointed out, the sense-datum view of knowledge is a "doctrine of disconnected atomicity." One imagines the grease-pit faculty in committee assembled, shouting at one another in value-neutral symbols: "But my Data can lick your Data any day."

Such a curriculum (even if it could be evolved), would not be a liberal curriculum. Because of its denigration of mental powers, it would fill the memory, not free the mind. It would, of course, transmit much information, and this would be all to the good. But it would transmit information under the guise of eternal truths, thus fostering the illusion that information-gathering goes on independently of the course of culture, and the sister-illusion of the inevitability of progress.

At the other extreme are those occupants of the "executive suite" whose delusion leads them to build the curriculum wholly on Great Ideas. They find these in the *Syntopicon* or some other pabulum encyclopaedia. Armed with a copy of *How to Think a Thought,* they proceed to what they call Raising the Important Issues. Chaff and wheat alike are grist for their mill. Once they have got their great idea, like the beagle pup who is all nose, they can find a trace of it anywhere. The danger of this delusion is that it leads to a search for issues where they cannot be found, or to looking at the universe solely as a moral or social allegory.

Having roundly condemned the delusions of



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others, I am obliged, though reluctant, to offer one of my own, and perhaps not merely a delusion but an absurdity. First of all, if I had my "'druthers" I would allow the confusion of the academy to go on; as if one could stop it! But I should try to make it educative, urging students beyond the freshman year to sit in occasionally on Faculty discussions of course offerings and curricula, even of hiring, when anything but the nastiest linen was being washed. The initial shock to professorial sensibilities might be considerable, but the students would probably be amazed into silence and well-mannered as mice. And, since students cannot nowadays march off from an Oxford to found a Cambridge as they did in the Middle Ages, the results would not be disastrous. On the contrary, bonds of real sympathy might develop; certainly the students would become aware of the greatest single quality of human knowledge, one that the whole academic lockstep seems designed to obscure — its tentativeness. This might, I think, prepare them to participate in a kind of anti-college.

In the anti-college a student could, when his doubt or revulsion with the regular program was judged to be sufficiently rational (usually the middle of his third year), elect a semester of reading and discussion. Through these he would pursue the problems his previous studies had raised. I hope it will not be thought grotesque when I suggest that students of literature might very well want to consider such questions as: "How do I know *Moby-Dick* is a novel?" And science students might ask "Why has hardly anything of importance been discovered by 'the scientific method'?" Once his questions had been formulated and accepted, the anti-college faculty would put the student in touch with others who had related questions, provide encouragement and suggestions for reading, and then sit tight until called for the third time. The inevitable result would be a series of (at first) loose interdisciplinary seminars and, finally, a floundering out in the direction of a longish paper that tried to answer the initial questions. The style and conduct of the anti-college would be based on the notion that learning is an interference with routine. Its effort would be to maximize the occasions on which people got in one another's way, with students objecting to the "canned" answer, and instructors to the "appropriate" question.

I would expect the discussions to consider the major documents of the past, but not as brandied specimens. The great efforts of human understanding carry on a dialogue over the heads of intervening posterity and this is what the student would be encouraged to hear. And what would be the result? Given luck, information; given talent, self-assurance. But, in any case, a freedom from the provincialism of time and place and "major field" that now stifle higher learning. I suppose there is little new here. And one cannot even say, as Swift did of Christianity, that it has never been tried. It has, but present Honors programs are largely open only to the very students who do not need them: students who have somehow managed to answer basic questions, or students who are so narrow in their interests that they can never really ask them.

Having written these last paragraphs, I am conscious of how queer a ring they have on the academic counter, what an invitation they give to long discussion and longer week-ends. What I have proposed is a pursuit of the True, not as the befooled whippet chases a tin bunny 'round the track, but as a pretty fair dog chases an eminently edible rabbit. "Time, gentlemen," cry the wary, and more insistently than an English barman. But why this concern with time? Barring the Atomic Mistake, automation will soon enough give us not only the 25-hour week but the 25-year career. We already luxuriate in decade-long wastes of secondary and post-graduate education on either side of the undergraduate college. And we consider accelerated undergraduate programs only for a quickie "handling" of the post-war baby boom. Year-round "efficient academic operation" is a piece of what C. Wright Mills called "crackpot realism." It leaves out of account the great social fact of the age: the withering-away of labor. The main task ahead for education is to make it as inefficient as possible with respect to a job-market that will not exist. Perhaps, in the course of meeting this delightful obligation, we may at last create a college where the student is permitted to ask, seriously and at length: What can I really know?



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grave concern to all of us in Africa. These wild creatures amid the wild places they inhabit are not only important as a source of wonder and inspiration but are an integral part of our natural resources and of our future livelihood and well-being.

"In accepting the trusteeship of our wildlife we solemnly declare that we will do everything in our power to make sure that our children's grandchildren will be able to enjoy this rich and precious inheritance."

And two years later an equally striking declaration was made by the Government of Kenya at the Nairobi Conference.

Actions speak equally loud. Since 1961, the three East African Governments have to my knowledge established five new National Parks and three local or so-called tribal Parks. Many new research projects have been started, including the admirable one on Ugandan ecology set up by the Nuffield Foundation in collaboration with Cambridge University and Makerere College. And an excellent institution for training African Park and Game Wardens for the entire region has been set up in Tanganyika.

Dangers still lie ahead, notably from rapidly expanding populations (Kenya's population is due to double well before the end of the century). But for the moment, the great animals are safe. African wild-life is not irrevocably doomed; it is merely alarmist to talk of its speedy extinction. What is ending is an epoch — the epoch of free-ranging wild animals in competition and conflict with free-ranging human beings and their enterprise. We are on the brink of a new phase, of planned human ecology, which attempts to achieve an optimum relation between human life and the resources it needs.

Wildlife is a resource which must be fitted into the new ecological system. But the system must be planned and managed. Man will have to forego his freedom of reckless exploitation and killing at will: wild life will have to suffer some restrictions of movement, and will have to exist under man's guardianship. But the wild creatures will still be free to live their own lives, and will continue to be a source of profit and protein, of prestige and material benefit, of enjoyment and understanding, to men.



public opinion, and must therefore be organised under the aegis of justice, freedom, peace. In spite of such lessons as that of the Suez Canal episode and that of the murder of Hungary, they subordinate policy to power, moral to physical law, cold to hot war. They ruin their moral case by allying themselves not merely with Tito and Franco but with any Spanish American or Arab dictator that secures oil or naval bases for them. And so, divided among themselves by greed and ambition, they let the ship drift from rock to rock in the vain hope that some day the Soviet Union may come to an agreement with them as to how to divide the spoils.

Our issue therefore is by no means theoretical. It is the chief issue of our day. Is the duel between Moscow-Pekin and Washington-London one of physical or of moral force? Does the physical force of either side depend on its moral force or vice-versa? We say that the Muscovite giant is morally bankrupt and if it dared to declare war its physical force would collapse for lack of moral force. And we fear that the Washington giant may be dangerously squandering its moral capital by relying too much on merely physical force.

We are thus wasting our time with our eyes fixed on Moscow, counting Mr. Khrushchev's smiles, instead of organizing the Free World into a Federation of Free States with a common policy towards the Communist Party. And all that because the main nations of the free world do not believe that the moral law applies to them. But the world community is a fact. And it demands institutions. And these institutions must be firmly put under the aegis of justice-freedom-peace. Justice-freedom-peace are the three bases of moral force. And in our world, ruled by public opinion, moral and not physical force, must be the source of the power of the World State.



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# The Goats

William Murray

The two goats rose up lazily from the thick grass on the slope of the hill. Jacko, on all fours, weeding the potato garden fifty yards below looked up, and stopped weeding. He watched the goats hop over the stile, and then they were hidden from him by the sod wall. He stood up tall, wiping his earth soiled hands on his patched pants, and continued wiping as he watched in the direction the goats had disappeared. He scratched the side of his bald head, and then surveyed his potato garden now dotted with the early white and yellow blossoms of late spring. The blight had passed by the stalks, and they had grown strong and erect with firm, light-green leaves. But Jacko still had to keep the garden weeded for the stalks to come to full growth so that they would send down to the potatoes at their roots the nourishment they needed.

He knelt again on the black earth between the rills, still watching towards the sod wall. Hidden by the foliage of the potato stalks, he plucked away at the weeds for a few minutes, then jumped up from amid the foliage again. He began to run leaping awkwardly over the blossoming potato stalks. But he trampled many down in his path.

He was breathing heavily when he strode into the cottage kitchen, and blinked to get his eyes used to the darkness inside. Jamsey, his aged father, was sitting in his rocking chair feeding griddlebread to the two goats.

"You'll spoil them, Jamsey," Jacko said striding across the flag floor and grabbing the goats by their collars.

"Oye . . . oye . . . oye . . ." Jamsey said. He threw the remainder of the griddlebread on the floor and began to rock himself turned towards the fire.

"They're not to be spoiled," Jacko repeated to his father, trying to hold back the goats who were lunging forward for the griddlebread on the floor.

"They came in of their own accord," Jamsey said to the fire.

"I've said they're to be put out when they come in and I'm not here."

Jacko shouted at the goats who were still straining for the griddlebread. They cowered.

"I can't stop what they want to do," Jamsey said.

Jacko wheeled around and led the goats outside. Then he shut the cottage door and let go of them. He backed towards the haggard with both hands extended beckoning the goats on and calling them by their first names: "Here, Grawne . . . here, Diarmuid . . . hup, hup, here, my grand ones." He made soft, sibilant sounds at them through his thick lips as he backed away. They followed him.

In the haggard, Jacko went at once to the cock of hay and pulled fist-fulls out of it, making two piles on the ground for the goats. They began to chew on the hay, having already forgotten the griddlebread. When he had pulled a small pile for each of them, Jacko wiped his hands again on his pants, and sat down under Grawne's dugs. Slowly, he squeezed hot milk into his cupped palm, and then to slurp it down. Grawne threw a glance back at him, but went on chewing the hay. After a few palmfuls of the hot milk Jacko lay out on the clover grass of the haggard and watched the sky, running his tongue over the white stains around his mouth. He milked Grawne again, at intervals, after resting, until the goats had chewed all the hay. Then he rose, patted Grawne on the rump, shook Diarmuid by the horns and, calling to them, went out on the slope. He commanded them to lie down, pointing at the thick grass. They eased themselves into it, and lay there drowzing in the hot sun. Jacko went back to the garden shaking his head and rubbing the back of his hand across his mouth.

That night, after the milking proper, he and Jamsey were sitting at the table eating their supper of bowls of griddlebread soaked in fresh goat's milk.

"We'll have a good crop of spuds, I'm thinkin'," Jacko said heartily. Jamsey clacked away at his goodie.

"They'll be no shortage for the winter," Jacko said. "If you saw the work I put in the garden."

"Oye," Jamsey said.

After supper, Jacko sat in the doorway of the cottage, his arms folded across his chest, and watched dusk fall below in the valley and around himself. A full moon was rising slowly. Lights came on in the windows of the cottages below in the valley. Jacko reported back into Jamsey rocking himself by the fireplace, whose



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light it was had come on. "The Mac's is on, now, Jamsey. Ryan's isn't yet. There 'tis. Aren't they all in the terrible fuaster to be lighting up." The only answer from Jamsey was the creaking of the rocking chair.

When it was almost dark and the moon had risen, Jacko brought his chair inside and lit his own lamp, and then shut the cottage door. The yellow light from the lamp shone softly in an arc extending a little away from the fireplace. Beyond the arc, hump-backed shadows clustered along the whitewashed walls. "We're the last agin," Jacko said. "We aren't cowarded of the dark."

He went over to where the two goats were lying in the hay bed next the settle, half in the arc of light, and bent and caressed Grawne's flanks. Her white ears flickered; she turned and nuzzled him under the lantern jaw. He grinned a yellow-toothed grin. "Isn't she the darlin' girl," he said to Jamsey. Jamsey was asleep, his chin on his chest. Jacko grabbed Diarmuid by both horns and struggled with him a few minutes bowing the buck's head to the hay, "The devil himself," he said, letting go the horns.

He shook Jamsey awake. "The Rosary," he said. "Eeeeehhh?" Jamsey said. Jacko reached in his bawnee pocket for his rosary beads and shook them in front of Jamsey. Then he sat across from him, waited while Jamsey fumbled for his own beads, and then intoned the sign of the cross. As Jacko prayed, his gaze rested mostly on the goats lying beyond him in their hay bed. When they stirred he smiled. Jamsey faced the fire, and prayed silently to Jacko's firm Our Father's and Hail Mary's.

Half-way through the Fifth Sorrowful Mystery, Jacko noticed that Diarmuid had risen in the bed and was trying to mount Grawne.

"God blast your soul, there, boyo, hold on ower that," he roared in the middle of a Hail Mary, and pounded across the flag floor, shoving his rosary beads back in his pocket. He dragged Diarmuid off her, and kneed him in the ribs as he pulled him away. He pulled him across the flag floor and tied him with a coil rope to a ring in the far wall. He made four or five knots on the rope.

"That'll settle your capers for you," Jacko said giving the buck a vicious clout across the snout. The black dodged, eyed Jacko and then lay down on the cold flag floor. Jacko rushed back to Grawne and inspected her rump. "You poor craythur . . . he near done for you," he muttered. Then he tied her up.

"Well, thanks be to God, she's comin' in agin," Jamsey said.

"We'll not breed her, Jamsey. We'll not breed her. Wance is enough. I remember the mess first time. That's the limit."

"The little bother her kid caused," Jamsey said eyeing his son.

"I'll have no more," Jacko said.

He stroked Grawne with trembling hands. "We'll have to keep that bucko away from her," he said nodding at Diarmuid.

Grawne reached her snout up and licked Jacko's face with her narrow tongue. She nibbled at his ear. He smiled, but suddenly he pushed her away, and got up. Then he walked around the kitchen floor squeezing his arms around his chest and snorting through his nose.

"There's a smell," he said to Jamsey.

Jamsey pretended to sniff. "Nothing to me."

"I'm going out. Keep an eye on him." Jacko took his jacket and peaked cap off the hook on the wall. As he raised the latch on the door he glanced back at Grawne. She nannied at him. He ran outside.

He took a deep breath of night air, and set off walking aimlessly through the fields. The full moon was up in the first quarter of the sky lighting the countryside. The night was warm and mild, and heavy with the scent of meadow grass and first blossoming flowers. Dew was still falling. Jacko walked, head down hands thrust deep in his pockets, kicking a path through the meadows as he went. A dog barked in the distance; Jacko turned away from the direction of the barking dog.

He stood on top of a sod wall and gazed around at the countryside as if he was looking for something, or someone. Below him, lights gleamed in a cottage window. He turned his back. Lights of Mullagh shone in the distance. The street would be lit up and the shops still open. He could walk up and down the street, or look in the shop windows. And he wouldn't have to talk to anyone. As he stood on the wall, he felt warm from the walking. Slowly the thing between his thighs mounted again.

He jumped off the wall and headed towards Mullagh.

The one street in the village was deserted, but the few shops and the houses were lighted. He walked up one sidewalk and down the other, pausing in front of the window of Clancy's pub. A big placard caught his eye. A long black pint of Guinness with a smiling frothy, cream moon face at the top. GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU the placard said. Voices of men



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floated out to Jacko from the darkness within. He walked away.

The lights were on in the chapel at the top of the street. He remembered he hadn't finished the Rosary at home, so he went in. He took off his cap and sprinkled his forehead with holy water in the sign of the cross.

The priest was finishing the Rosary. Jacko knelt down on one knee by the wall, not daring to go into one of the nearby pews. He always knelt by the wall, even at mass on Sundays, the only day of the week he ever came into the village.

The priest ascended the pulpit after the Rosary and looked out over his congregation.

"Mr. Madigan . . . I'm sure we can make room in one of the pews for you," he said with a smile.

Jacko did not realize he was being spoken to until he saw the people turned around staring at him. He blushed, grabbed his cap and scurried into the pew nearest him, pushing against a woman. She moved over for him. He bowed his head deep between his hands and remained prostrated while the priest spoke.

When he smelled the perfume he began to tremble, and sat straight back on the pew. He pretended to be listening to the priest: "The month of May . . . the Blessed Virgin . . . month of flowers . . . lily purest . . . prayers ascend to her ear like the scent of roses." The woman next to him stirred, and again her purfume came to Jacko. He tried to hold his breath, and then to breathe only through his mouth. He felt the thing rising again between his thighs.

When devotions were over and the congregation rushed for the door, Jacko noticed the woman going out beside him. He drew back to let her move ahead, but a surge of the crowd threw him against her. He put up his arms trying to protect himself.

"Hold on there, hold on there. Take it aisy, now," she said turning around to him. She was grinning. He looked away, and took down his arms. The crowd surged and pressed him against her.

Both of them were propelled together out the chapel door. She stumbled and Jacko caught her by the arm.

"Buideachas there," she grinned. "You're a gallant man."

In the light of the chapel doorway, the woman looked thin, worn, and hawklike. She had on a red knitted cap over her steelish greying hair, and wore a mustard brown coat buttoned to the neck, which hung straight down on her as if only her bones were holding it up. She was stooped slightly, making her almost the one size with Jacko.

Her perfume whiffed over him again. He tightened his grip on her arm. She moved close to him leaning against him, and peered into his face without flinching. He squeezed harder. Someone bumped against him. He released his hold and stepped back.

"I must be off home," he said. "I've a coupl 'a goats to bed down."

"I'll accompany you a bit of the way," she said.

"I'm going through the fields."

"Yerra, you can take the road this once," she said. "What man wouldn't see a girl home a night like this?"

She moved up to him, reached out a bony hand and took him by the arm. Jacko glanced up at the sky. The moon was full up; light clouds were floating gently over the face. The pressure on his arm insisted, pulled him. The woman said: come on, come on. And he began to walk with her, she saying she wasn't going to take a bite out of him.

She talked to him as they walked along the dusty road, she slightly ahead of him, pulling him on, fixing her bent look on him; and he, the peak of his cap down far over his eyes, noticed his legs move under him along the road as if they were not his at all.

"I seen you Sundays at Mass," she said. "Where do you be hiding during the week?"

"The goats," he said. "I've a couple to look after."

"A man don't spend all his life looking after a coupl'a goats," she said.

"'Tis hot," Jacko muttered, and turned away to unbutton his jacket.

"It do be lonely at night," she said. "Though I be washin' clothes for Mrs. Quinn and Mrs. Gannon and the rest of them the day long." She waited for Jacko to say something. "Aren't you used to talk?" she said.

"'Tis a fine night," Jacko said.

They came to a small boithreen leading off the main road outside the village. The woman turned up the boithreen, still keeping a hand on Jacko. He followed her in silence.

A half-mile in they came to her cottage, and she let go of Jacko while she fumbled with the latch on the half-door. He lifted the peak of his cap off his forehead and looked around.

"I must be going home, now," he said.

"Arragh you'll stop for a cup of tay," the



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woman said hurrying back to him. She took him by the arm again.

"I never took tay in another cottage," he said.

"Well, let this be the first time, then," she said.

He entered the cottage kitchen behind her, and when he was inside she bolted the door. In the darkness he heard a rustling, and then the flapping of wings.

"Who's there?" he shouted.

"Shhhhhhh," she said, "'tis only the hens."

"The hens?"

"Where are you at all?" he heard the woman ask. And then she was on him, pecking away at his face, her hands grappling with his jacket. The flapping of wings still echoed in his ears, and now the high voice of the woman muttered something about a grand man. And the lips gave him short kisses on his own lips. And all over his face. He tried to push the woman away.

She took an arm and put it around her. Grand man. In anger, he embraced her, squeezed hard, and lifted her off the floor. Then he began to walk around in the darkness carrying her, while she kept up a spatter of kisses on his face. He heard the fluttering of wings again and moved in that direction carrying the woman. He bumped into something. There was a fluttering of wings. Hens squawked. He tripped over a hen.

He fell with the woman, still with his arms locked around her.

"Jesus, you'll be the death of me," she said above the squawking of the hens.

Something was underneath him, speaking. And he was moving.

"Take it aisy, take it aisy, there man," she said.

He moved, faster, holding the speaking something tighter and tighter.

"Will you stop ower that a minute and let down your pants. And give me a chance, too," the woman said. She tried to wiggle out from under him.

He squeezed tighter, and hurried and hurried.

"Grawne!" he roared into the darkness.

Then he was lying on top of the woman, face down on the damp flag floor, heaving violently.

"Bad cest to you, anyway," the woman said.

He jumped up. "Light the light," he shouted. "I'm goin' home."

"Come here, come back here to me," the woman said from the floor. "And this time take off your pants."

He stumbled around in the darkness and found the door.

The countryside was white under the light of the moon, almost as bright as day. He ran. A sweet smell, faintly musky, clover and heavy timothy, came from the meadows mingling with the dew. Jacko scrambled and slipped through the fields, almost falling now and then, looking behind often. The furze slopes of a black bog were clear against the night. White buds of the blossoming hawthorne trees shone. The earth was still, set and solid, a sleeping earth beneath the feet of the solitary runner.

He slowed down going up the slope to his own cottage, and began to brush down his jacket. He avoided his pants. Black streaks of sweat had run down along his face. He wiped them off with his sleeve.

There was a light shining in the cottage window. Jacko was upset. Jamsey would be wast-

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ing the oil in the lamp keeping it lit so late in the night. And staying up so late.

When Jacko entered the cottage kitchen, he saw Jamsey standing barefoot in the middle of the floor between the two goats who were prancing around at the end of their tethers, nannying back and forth to each other. "Aisy there, aisy there," Jamsey was muttering to them trying to calm them down.

"What in the name of all that's holy is up with ye? Keepin' the light lit this late? And all this noise!"

Jamsey nodded at the goats. "They're at it all night. Not a wink a' sleep did I get but a while, since you left."

Grawne and Diarmuid nannied back and forth to each other, breathing delicate vibrations through quivering nostrils on the scale of their love.

"Let them at it," Jacko said. "They'll do no harm that way."

Jacko went over and threw himself down beside Grawne in the hay, gazing tenderly at her. He stroked her along the white back.

"Lie down there, now, a gradh," he said.

She licked him briefly, but remained standing and nannying across to the buck. Jacko caressed her dugs. She looked back at him, snorted, and then bent and sniffed at his pants.

Jacko scrambled back out of her bed, scattering hay all over the floor. Diarmuid bleated. Grawne answered, straining at her tether.

"So that's the way the wind is blowing," Jacko said to her.

"Let them do it. For God's sake, let them do it," Jamsey said. "I can't stand to listen to them. Haven't you any heart?"

Jacko took off his jacket and bawneen for bed. " 'Twill wear off her," he said.

"What can you expect of a man that never went with a woman?" Jamsey said.

"I did so."

"If you did you'd let them have their way. You'd know the sport."

"The sport?"

"Gwan, Jacko, like a good lad. Give them their ease."

The buck continued to nanny and strain forward on his rope.

"I'll give him his ease," Jacko said.

He went over to the buck and began to beat him with closed fists. The buck continued to nanny as he dodged Jacko's blows. Nannies of distress came from Grawne at the other end of the kitchen, when she heard the cries of pain from her mate.

"Can't you see the state she's in," Jamsey said pointing to Grawne.

Jacko stopped beating the buck and went over to her. She tried to dodge around him, to keep the buck in view.

"So that's who you want," Jacko said to her. She danced around in the hay.

He gazed a while at her, and then went over to the buck, and bent to untie him. He kneed him in the ribs a few times, and cursed him. It took him a while to untie the knots.

When the buck was free he scrambled past Jacko almost knocking him down, and across the flag floor to Grawne. Jacko rushed after him.

The buck sniffed Grawne on the neck and along the flanks, and then on the rump which he began to lick. Then he mounted and began to move on her back.

Jacko had stopped at the edge of the hay bed. As the buck began to move on Grawne, Jacko moaned. Grawne had half closed her heavy eyes; her lower lip hung loose, and she threw back her head towards the moving buck. Jacko began to beat himself on the head, moaning. Then he stopped.

"I'll marry her," he said to Jamsey, "I'll marry her, bygod."

"Good heart, Diarmuid. More power me laddo," Jamsey shouted as he hopped in his bare feet around the outskirts of the bed.

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**Feeding** *continued from page 36*

It is almost impossible to educate a hungry person. The school lunch program in the United States taught us that years ago.

And uneducated people cannot compete in the 20th Century. Until we get the illiterate of the world better fed — they will remain illiterate and be a burden to the rest of the world.

Might not the United States propose in the United Nations that every member nation of the United Nations reduce its armament expenditures by 10% — and spend the savings helping a list of backward nations produce more food?

Any country that refused to go along with that suggestion would earn a bad reputation.

Furthermore, the amount they spend helping the backward nations would be very easy to check so cheating in any large way would be easily detected.

*We can feed a hungry world!*

*The research work has been done!*

It will not be cheap — but it is, in all probability, both cheaper and more effective than the armament program we have been following.



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# Silent in America

*"Vivas to those who have failed . . ."*

IV

And I, I am the silent
riser in a house
of garrulous children.
I am Fresno's

dumb bard, America's last
hope, sheep in sheep's
clothing. Who names the past
names me, who sleeps

by my side shall find despair
and happiness,
a twi-night double header.
He who loves less

than I, loves no one, who speaks
more than I, speaks
too much. I am everything
that is dishonest,

everything under the sun.
And I say "balls,"
the time will never come
nor ripeness be all.

V

I tell time
by the sunlight's position
on the bedroom wall:
it's 5:30, middle June.
I rise, dress,
assume my name

and feel my
face against a hard towel.
My mind is empty;
I see all that's here to see:
the garden
and the hard sky;

the great space
between the two has a weight,
a reality
which I find is no burden,
and the height
of the cot tree

is only
what it has come to deserve.
I have not found peace,
but I have found I am where
I am by
being only there,

by standing
in the clouded presence of
the things I observe.
What is it in the air or the
water caught
on the branches

of the brown
roses hanging toward autumn?
What is it that moves
when it's still, and strikes me dumb
when it speaks
of being alive?

---

*These three poems are part of a nine-poem sequence by Philip Levine. The sequence will appear in its entirety in a new book of poems soon to be issued by Southern Illinois University.*



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IX

I speak to H. in a bar
in downtown L.A.
Over a schooner of beer
he waits out the day
in the anonymous dark.
Archimbault is here —
I do not have to be drunk
to feel him come near,

and he touches me with his
life, and I could cry,
though I don't know who he is
or why I should care
about the mad ones, imagined
and real, H. places
in his cherished underground,
their wounded faces

glowing in the half-light of
their last days alive,
as his glows here. Let me have
the courage to live
as fictions live, proud, careless,
unwilling to die.
We pay for our drinks, rise,
and enter the city

waiting, impatient and loud.
Come with us tonight,
drifters in the drifting crowd,
we shall arrive, late
and tired, beyond the false lights
of Pasadena
where the living are silent
in America.

Philip Levine

# A Grain, Perhaps of Wheat

A Story

Kathryn Vale

After lunch Maylene had washed and dried all the dishes, working with her slow warm laziness like the lemony sunlight that poured through the window over the sink and spilled in round pools on the scuffed linoleum floor. Now she was wiping the bright red-speckled table top, pulling the dish cloth toward her into the streak of sunlight that made the hairs on her arm glint gold, feeling the spindly metal legs of the table shift this way as she pulled, and then as she pushed the cloth back across feeling the table shift back that way, and watching the sunlight catch in the drops of water left in the tracks of the dish cloth, sunlight drying them slowly to a dusky film over the glinting red specks.

"You still moonin' around in here?" The floor creaked under her father's heavy footsteps. He stopped by the door and set the bag of grapes he was carrying down on the stove. "Get in yonder and help your mother."

The creaking radiated out through the house



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and into the bedroom where her mother was ironing. Their voices drifted back to where Maylene stood, low at first, like the rolling of summer heat thunder, and then his voice sharp and dry and crackling like lightning.

". . . be no-'count all her life. I brought them grapes you wanted."

"I'll look after the grapes directly. You watch how you talk about your own child, Durane Nobles. She might have been like Pat Rackley, and then where'd you be?"

"Humpf. Out in the bushes gettin' her with a belt, I reckon."

And then the voices quieted back down. Maylene had been standing so still that it felt as if all the weight had left her body except for her hands that were heavy and tingling. She might leave her body altogether if she didn't quickly touch something with her hands. She rested them for a moment on the table top until the weightless feeling went away and then she turned and went quickly and quietly out the back door, out onto the wide tilting porch, past the old tire split open and filled with geraniums and past the washing machine and the box of dirty clothes and quietly down the back steps before they could hear her.

The back yard was bare, packed and dusty, with low places that the dog had hollowed out by the steps and in the cool damp dirt by the spigot. The trees were tall, bare except at the very top where a few leaves scraped together. Their roots erupted out of the hard-packed earth like the ringed scaly three-toed feet of the chickens that pecked around in the yard.

She hurried past the trees down the rutted road, past the sheds with the machinery out front, some rusty and crusted with dirt, some new and bright yellow, past the grape vines, even past the shed where the mule was standing, lazily shuddering the flies off his back. She cut through the corn field down the rows of corn that almost closed far over her head, whispering and scraping once in a while. When she was in deep enough not to be seen from the road, she gathered her dress under her and sat down on the dry rocky dirt. There was a plant by her feet that grew out flat and lacy like the white doilies in the living room. She wiggled her toes in the brown heavy shoes and then slowly unlaced the shoes and pulled them off.

The sun baked and shimmered off the dry dirt. She wished for the cool of the living room, dark shiny furniture and white curtains blowing faintly and her mirror that made everything all right. It was an oval mirror, hanging on the wall straight across from the front door, and the door stood open all summer, so she could go and look in the mirror and see all the view through the door out across the field reflected and clear but somehow even more at a distance than if she had just looked out the door. She could see the still green grass with dark misty ribbons of shade and beyond the highway a field covered with tall unmoving green oats and the shadow of a cloud moving over it and at the far edge of the field a fence and behind the fence the deep misty woods and one section broken out of the fence so you could see the clean matted brown path that led down deep into the woods and never ended, never would end, so long as you didn't go there and only looked at it through the mirror. And at the never-endingness of it a cool peacefulness would settle around her.

But things were usually the way they had been this afternoon. She didn't dare look because somebody would catch her there and if it was her brother Earl he would tease her about looking at herself in the mirror and her father would tell her to quit mooning around wasting time and her mother would look sad but at least keep quiet about it. And all of that frightened Maylene because if her mirror should be taken away, if anything should happen to that never-endingness, she didn't know where she would go to find it again.

She sighed and wriggled away from the rocks that were sticking her. The morning glories that twisted around the corn were closed up in tight folds. It made her think of what her mother called "private parts," it looked like a naked little girl baby when you were giving it a bath, with the flower petals all folded in and hidden even between its legs. She thought how her own body was like that.

She heard the truck rattle by, caught a glimpse of it bumping down the road. That would be her father driving back down to the fields. She stood up and brushed off the back of her dress and picked her way across the rows of corn. It didn't matter which way she went, every path she knew on either side of the weeds led to the creek. And sometimes, where the creek formed a pool, it was still, like a mirror.

At the edge of the corn field she had to step over a shallow ditch. After that, in among the trees, the ground got smoother with pine needles matted slick and prickling under her feet and an occasional patch of dark cool springy grass. She passed in and out of the strips of light and shadow that lay over the path, listening to the



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thudding rhythm of her feet on the earth and hearing, even softer than the sounds of her feet, the gurgle of the creek, hidden from her sight by a tangled bank of briers. Then at last the briers ended and she saw a wide circle of pine trees, tall around the clearing that sloped down to where the creek slowed into a deep, still pool. Maylene slipped under the low pine branch that reached out like the bar on the door of a secret room.

Then she saw them. Two white bodies bright on the pine-straw with the sun full and bright on them moving and silent except for the slipping moving of the leaves and grass under them, and she thought they must be fighting except that they moved together swiftly and violently and stiffly locked to each other even by the way they moved. She must have moved or made some sound because suddenly their heads jerked up and their faces turned to her with their mouths gaping and dark like fish gulping water and she saw that it was Earl and Pat Rackley.

"Turn your back, Maylene," Earl said and the words were hollow and dry in the long silence after he spoke and she turned away.

The air was vibrating with small bright shocks of soundlessness, as if the stillness of the woods had been a mirror that had just shattered into a thousand pieces.

Then she heard the rustling sounds and Earl's footsteps coming toward her. He had his pants back on and he raked his brown hand through his dark tumbled hair and stood in front of her with his chest heaving and pinestraw in his hair and a trickle of sweat drizzling down over the blue vein in the side of his brown neck.

"Don't you tell anybody what you seen." His words still sounded hollow and loud.

She heard Pat's voice from behind her. "She's old enough to know, Earl. You better make her not to tell."

He looked beyond Maylene at Pat. "Yeah, but she ain't bright enough."

Maylene turned and Pat had put on her blouse and shorts and was sitting on the ground combing her long blonde hair with her fingers. She looked at Maylene hard as knives.

"I'll tell Mama about that picture you stole if you tell," Earl said.

She thought about the postcard she had slipped out of the family album, a picture of a still cool lake.

"Swear you won't tell."

She nodded her head dumbly.

"She won't tell. She's secret-like anyway." He turned back to Maylene. "Go on home."

That night her mother made them all gather in the living room before they went to bed while she read the Bible. When her mother went limping and thumping over to the dark table where the Bible lay open on a pink and green crocheted doily, her father immediately stood up and turned off the television and clumped into the kitchen.

"Got to go look about the mule," he muttered. They could tell by the noise he made in the kitchen that he was getting his jacket off the peg behind the door and clumping out onto the back porch to smoke his pipe in the cool soft summer night. His leaving was as much a ritual as the soft sad glance of her mother's face caught in a haze of light as she leaned over the table lamp and turned it on, as the creak of the black rocker as she sat down in it and rocked back and forth and back and forth, flipping through the thin red-edged pages, as the familiar nasal complaining voice that rose and fell with the squeak-squaw-squeak-squaw of the rocker and the bumbling buzz of moths on the window screens.

Earl was sitting sprawled over on the couch, one leg up on it, his head flopped down, his dark hair falling in his face, picking restlessly at the bumpy red roses in the upholstery of the couch. Maylene was sitting still in the plain straight-backed chair, watching her mother's face. It was a plump, sagging face, lit to a yellow glow by the lamplight, wisps of grey hair blowing across her forehead with an occasional breeze from the window.

"Be not deceived," she read, "Evil companions corrupt good morals." Earl didn't look up. "Awake to soberness and sin not."

Maylene knew what she had seen Earl doing must have been a sin, and that he felt ashamed because of that, and she thought how her stealing a postcard was a sin too, but it didn't make her feel bad the way she thought she probably ought to. It didn't seem to matter only because of the Bible.

". . . for some have no knowledge of God" squeak-squaw, "I speak this to move you to shame" squeak-squaw.

Then Maylene knew suddenly that the wrongness in it was what it had done to the stillness, the never-endingness of the woods, and she knew that Earl would never understand *that,* he would think maybe it was wrong by the Bible but he wouldn't see this other thing, and neither would her mother, so how could she tell them?



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It would be like trying to tell them why she looked into the mirror.

"But some one will say, How are the dead raised? and with what manner of body do they come? Thou foolish one, that which thou thyself sowest is not quickened except it die: and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not the body that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other kind; but God giveth it a body even as it pleased him; and to each seed a body of its own."

Seeing that Earl was determined not to listen, her mother sighed and gently shut the book and bowed her head for a prayer. The picture of the white bodies in the sunlight swam in front of Maylene's eyes again and she felt herself reach out to them to touch them, but she couldn't. She felt as if she would cry that they were beyond her reach, that she could not touch her mother sitting there in the lamplight or her father out on the dark porch, the spark glowing in his pipe. They had always been beyond her. Their ways were not her ways. She could not touch them no matter how hard she tried.

The next day she had to finish the ironing. She stood in the bedroom, her face turned toward the blue flowered wallpaper, passing the iron back and forth over the heavy starched shirts, letting things pass in and out of her mind.

She had been in Miss Futrelle's sixth grade last year; she would have to repeat next year. She had repeated her grades so much that she liked it now, going back to the same classroom with its smells of sour milk and crackers and sweat and chalk dust and oily board floors. She would sit in the back corner and watch the soft bright boys and girls come in, the ones from town that she never even tried to talk to because she had learned long ago there wasn't any use to try.

But last year she had had a friend. She was almost like Maylene, with thin brown arms and faded dresses and dull hair and the hateful hard brown shoes that laced up. She liked Corette because Corette was like her. They would go out at afternoon recess and sit on the gnarled roots of the big trees that grew on the side of the schoolyard and talk.

One day Corette, who had lips that were always a little cracked and dry-scaly, had said, "Do you like me, Maylene?" her eyes wide and earnest.

"Yes, do you like me?" And when Corette had said yes they went back into the classroom holding hands. Maylene noticed that Corette's hand was damp and sticky but she still liked to hold hands with Corette because then she would have a friend, someone that she could at least reach out and touch. But she never told Corette about the mirror.

One day they had been sitting out under the tree when a girl came by pushing a baby in a stroller. Most of the other children were playing baseball out in the big field that was bordered by the trees. The girl came over to where they were sitting. It was a warm day and the shouts came spinning off the playground and through the still warm air. Then there would be a hard crack as the ball hit the bat.

"Y'all see my baby?" Her hair straggled in front of her strange wide staring eyes. Her mouth hung open slightly and her joints seemed big and bony and she talked fast and mumbly.

"I used to go to school here too but I stopped and had my baby."

Corette leaned over and whispered to Maylene. "My daddy says she's crazy."

Then Corette turned back to the girl. "Where's your husband?" she asked, squinting her eyes to inspect the girl.

"He's in the army. He stays gone all the time. He won't here when the baby came. I went to the hospital," the girl left the baby and sat down under the tree with them. She grinned and tossed back her hair, her eyes shining and eager, "and they gave me a shot with a needle ten inches long." Maylene gasped and the girl nodded. "That's the truth. They put a needle in my veins and tied me down on a table and cut me with a knife, and afterwards I couldn't make no water for three days. I laid there three days and three nights until they thought I was going to bust."

Just then Miss Futrelle had come stepping rapidly over the dusty playground in her thick-heeled shoes, calling them to come in, so they had to leave the girl sitting there disappointed under the tree.

"Don't you ever talk to her again if she comes around here." Miss Futrelle was shaking her finger in their faces and they nodded dumbly.

After that Maylene had thought about it a lot, had wondered if those things would happen to her like they must happen to other people, but now, thinking about it, standing pressing the iron over the shirts, she knew that wasn't the way it would be. Her friend had been passed on to the next grade and now she would be deprived of even the touch of Corette's damp hand.

She set her hands palm down on the ironing board, feeling it solid beneath the rough cloth



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of the shirt, feeling that this was all she could touch.

Her mother was standing in the doorway holding a full paper bag. "Maylene, I want you to go down to the store and take these grapes to Mr. Rackley. I told Mrs. Rackley I'd send them before now, so I guess you'd better not dawdle on the way like you usually do."

She turned off the iron and took the bag, cool and wet where it had been in the refrigerator. She left the house and walked down the hot dusty road to the store. The sun baked down, hot and still, burning even through the thick soles of her shoes. The corn stretched tall on her right and left, hardly rustling at all in the still heat. She stopped once to pick some morning glories from the side of the ditch; they were tight closed in the heat, and then she remembered what her mother had said about hurrying, so she shifted the weight of the sack and held the flowers in her other hand and walked on down the road again.

Rackley's store had a low, sloping roof out in front with pumps for gasoline like posts that held up the porch roof on a house. The packed dirt under the roof was stained with oil and grease, and a yellow dog was curled up beside the wobbly cinder block steps. When Maylene opened the screen door the flies buzzed off it and around, in spite of the balls of cotton stuck in the screen to keep them away. It was a little cooler in the dim shade of the store.

Mr. Rackley was sitting by himself tilted back in a straight cane chair, his feet propped up on the grate of the black stove. He was thin and old and his back was bent over with arthritis. Maylene knew that was why he couldn't work the farm and why he needed her father for a tenant farmer. All Mr. Rackley could do any more was keep his store, handing you change out of the cash register with his knotted swollen fingers. He was drinking a Nehi and eating a candy bar when Maylene came in and he greeted her in his funny way.

"Heyo, Maylene." Mother had said he talked funny because he had been raised across the river.

"I brought you some grapes." She held out the sweaty cool bag. As he laboriously got to his feet to take it from her, she set the morning glories down on the black top of the stove so she could hand him the bag more easily with both hands.

"I thank you." He shuffled over to the counter and set the bag down. "Why don't you sit awhile since it's so hot?" There was only one chair because Mr. Rackley didn't like the niggers to be hanging around inside the store much.

"I can't stay," Maylene said. She looked at the glass cases full of candy and cookies and the dusty boxes on the dark shelves and the long red humming box where the drinks were.

"Well, you're getting too old to sit on my lap, I reckon." Mr. Rackley had gone around behind the counter. His clear blue eyes were friendly and teasing and made her think of when she was a little girl sometimes sitting on his lap in the store. She had always liked him.

He came around the counter and handed her a candy bar. "You eat that on the way back."

He crossed over to the stove and lifted one of the round lids on its low black top, unconsciously brushing the morning glories in with the rest of the paper and trash.

"Thank you," Maylene said, "Good-bye."

She trudged back down the burning dusty road, thinking how for a minute she could almost have reached out and touched Mr. Rackley, but for some reason it had become impossible and he was as far away as any of the others.

The sun burned on her back and she felt little trickles of sweat running down. Her feet were dusty from the road. Suddenly she cut down across the cornfield, down the path that led back up to the creek.



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The woods were no different. They were cool, still, misty, unbothered by anything that had ever broken their stillness. She approached the clearing from the other side, kneeling down to take off her shoes. She buried her feet in the cool grass, standing in the still pool of sunlight that cut down from above the pine trees. Cool dampness rose from the still waters of the creek and hung in a still mantle of mist over the trees and grass and pinestraw and even suspended in the air like drops from a fountain caught still in one frozen moment forever. The stillness never ended.

She walked down the tiny sloping bank over damp roots that caught the clay to make tiny steps. She put her feet in the cool still water and then lay down so that her head rested on the bank and the cool water held her and touched her. She felt the light and shadow flicker on her, only the shadows of leaves touching her. She opened her hands slowly into the water and closed her eyes, growing her roots to the water and opening her petals to the sky.

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**Movie** *continued from page 49*

has always felt ugly. He feels nobody can love him. He had never had a piece of tail. I mean true love. I mean not a quid-pro-quo tart. So —"

He waited.

"No," he said, "let's change that. Make him married. After the quid-pro-quo's to a real cold-blooded battle-axe, older than he is, who took him, because she couldn't get anything else, and he has to live with that fact and the fact that he took her because he thought nobody else would have him. A ghastly brat thrown in. Well, now it grows on him that in that world of light-is-dark and dark-is-light he could be all right. It would be like being in bed forever, and the lights out, really out black. You could really let go, for she couldn't see you. Well —"

He stopped again. He could not help stealing a look at Yasha Jones' face. The face told him nothing. He could not help stealing a look at the scar. The scar told him nothing.

"Well," he said, "let the battle-axe be going to come down to join Scar-Face. He has found a place to live for her and the ghastly brat. Yeah, in a trailer camp. They come. Well, the time comes for the waters to rise. Battle-axe finds out about Blind Girl. Well —"

He stopped. He felt lost, a trifle sick in his middle.

"Naturally, I haven't worked out details," he said. "It just came to me."

"Naturally," Yasha Jones said.

"I know we can't use it, but —" He fumbled for a cigarette, lighted it, took a long drag, expelled the smoke.

"Listen," he said, "did you notice how she could really let go? Just give up to every whisper in the motor? Let go and flow with you like she and you were sort of flowing downstream together, sort of nudging each other with the tide?"

Yasha Jones laughed.

"Well," he laughed, "I hadn't thought of it quite so poetically."

They were in front of the Fiddler house. Yasha Jones unlatched the door, let it come ajar, but did not push it open, waiting courteously for the other man, who, with both hands still on the wheel, seemed about to say something.

"Yeah," Brad said, "a man can't help but wonder."

"Wonder what?"

"Wonder about the difference. Wonder if you are different. Blind, I mean. Because you don't exist in a certain way. Because you exist a hell of a lot more completely in another way. Wonder if it could be different, doing it, with a — Hell, you're bound to wonder about things. Wonder if it is like falling into midnight and black velvet and, oh, mother, not a star in the sky!"

Suddenly he got out of the car. Yasha Jones got out, too. Brad came around to the little patch of brick in front of the gate, where the other stood meanwhile, apparently deep in thought.

"What's the matter?" Brad asked.

"You know," he said to Brad, "we have to feel our way into this. The picture, I mean. We have to trust our feeling. But one thing comes to mind. We don't want it to get plotty, do we? We want a flow of feeling, don't we?"

Bradwell Tolliver stood there and wished to Christ he had not said a word about the whole damned business.

Yasha Jones laughed in the friendliest fashion, but with something rueful in the laugh.

"Yes," he was saying, "it is life that is so plotty. Life is so logical, therefore so plotty. But we, Brad, don't we have to violate life? To stylize life?"

"I reckon so," Brad said.

"To give the impression of the inwardness of life," Yasha Jones said, "not the obvious plotti-



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ness. Isn't that it?" He stood there a moment, very still as though alone, then said: "To be overwhelmed with the outward, moving multiplicity of the world — that means we can never see, really see, or love the single leaf falling. And, therefore, can never love life, the inwardness of life. Yes —" He paused, then resumed: "That is the last sin — for people in our business — no, in any business — the sin of the corruption of consciousness."

All at once, as he stared at Brad, a clear simple smile was on his face. "But what am I yammering at you for, old man?" he said. "You're the guy who wrote that beautiful book!"

Brad went to his room. He looked at his watch. There was plenty of time to get ready before drink time. He lay on the bed, on his back, and stared up at the gray, cracked plaster of the ceiling.

He thought of his father lying on the muddy ground.

He wondered if he himself had had to come back to Fiddlersburg, as his father had had to go back to the swamp, to lie in the mud and weep.

## HERMIT'S RETURN

I have loved you foolishly, my unaltered
ego, as children
love an invisible friend.
Your Purple Heart and honest parents
were the very things to leave, and if you had
a secret wound, it was

a harbor where the darkness rode at anchor
in imperial calm.
And you had gone; I could stand
on the back porch, the television
voices all around me in the dark, and think
you out there, or mistake

a low star for your campfire, and feel the heat.
Yet, for all I know,
it was I who drew you down,
so friendly, dog-like, among the cops,
the bald psychiatrist, the weeping parents,
the man from channel 2.

The power of love is spoken of elsewhere.
I note in passing
only how cold the nights are
of late, though they are not, I suppose,
as cold as the nights you have where they have you,
at home, in Nebraska.

Henri Coulette



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# Reviews

# Books

## People in Glass Houses

J. D. Salinger, *Raise High the Roof Beam, Carpenters and Seymour — An Introduction.* Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1963. $4.00

In 1948, J. D. Salinger took his readers into a Florida hotel room for the suicide of Seymour Glass. Since then, Salinger has been trying to solve the riddle of that death. The suicide occurs dramatically and importantly at the end of "A Perfect Day for Bananafish." But the solution seems to go beyond the story into a tension between St. Paul's "putting away the things of a child" and Christ's admonition that you will not enter into the kingdom of heaven "unless you turn and become like little children." In Salinger's subsequent works, *Franny and Zooey* and *Raise High the Roof Beam, Carpenters and Seymour — An Introduction,* the tension leads him to a reconsideration of the values of his adult world. Adults can now recover their innocence if not preserve it. As importantly, moreover, it leads Salinger to experiment with the fiction form.

Prior to 1948, "wise children" were the bread-and-butter of Salinger's fiction and his fiction forms developed out of the magazine fiction of Ernest Hemingway and F. Scott Fitzgerald. In these loosely narrated stories, children chose death or insanity rather than compromise their integrity. His adults always "sold out" or were "phoneys" to a meaningless value system. This conflict between the two accounted in part for Salinger's following among adolescents and some of his attacks by adults. Even Seymour, whose suicide triggers the reconsideration, is an adult who has spent much of his life — according to first reports — trying to go back to the innocence of his childhood. His wife, Muriel Fedder, is the spitting image of Charlotte Mayhew, whom he loved at twelve. This is what one is supposed to conclude, at least, from "Raise High the Roof Beam, Carpenters." His suicide is prompted by his inability to go back to innocence, or so "A Perfect Day for Bananafish" says. But Salinger has revised his views since 1948 and according to "Seymour — An Introduction," one is no longer to believe these reasons for Seymour's suicide:

> But what I can and should state is that I've written and published two short stories that were supposed to be directly about Seymour. The more recent of the two, published in 1955, was a highly inclusive recount of his wedding day in 1942. . . . but Seymore himself — the main course — didn't actually put in a physical appearance anywhere. On the other hand, in the earlier, much shorter story I did, back in the late forties, he not only appeared in the flesh but walked, talked, went for a dip in the ocean, and fired a bullet through his brain in the last paragraph. However, several members of my immediate . . . family . . . have gently pointed out to me . . . that the young man . . . was not Seymour at all but, oddly, someone with a striking resemblance to . . . myself. Which is true, I think, or true enough to make me feel a craftsman's ping of reproof.

But then what is one supposed to believe?

Unlike Holden Caulfield and the heroes of *Nine Stories,* the members of the Glass family are slated to reach adulthood and be happy, albeit the adulthood which they reach is certainly not typical of American culture. American culture is still filled with the "phoneys" of the earlier stories, but Salinger's characters are no longer so fiercely at odds with the realm of compromise. They can view with some compassion those people who pursue empty goals. "We're *freaks,* the two of us, Franny and I . . . . I'm a twenty-five-year-old freak and she's a twenty-year-old freak, and both those bastards are responsible. . . . My God. I can't even sit down to lunch with a man any more and hold up my end of a decent conversation. I either get so bored or so goddam preachy that if the son of a bitch had any sense, he'd break his chair over my head." "But what I don't like — and what I don't think either Seymour or Buddy would like, either, as a matter of fact — is the way you talk about all these people. I mean you don't just despise what they represent — you despise them. It's too damn personal, Franny. I mean it."

Franny Glass, the focal character of *Franny and Zooey,* can be happy accepting adult values, particularly her responsibility to mankind represented by the Fat Lady. In this she is like her brother Buddy in *Raise High the Roof Beam, Carpenters and Seymour — An Introduction,* who is happy accepting his responsibility to Seymour. Even Seymour must be added to the group, for his explanation for running out on Muriel in "Raise High the Roof Beam, Carpenters" is that he is "too happy to get married." The reader eventually may learn that the



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reason for Seymour's suicide may be that he is "too happy to go on living."

One thing must be remembered, though, about these adult values. They have not changed. They are still the values which Salinger gave his "wise children." They are Holden Caulfield's values in *The Catcher in the Rye,* for example. "Anyway, I keep picturing all these little kids playing some game in this big field of rye and all. Thousands of little kids, and nobody's around — nobody big, I mean — except me. And I'm standing on the edge of some crazy cliff. What I have to do, I have to catch everybody if they start to go over the cliff — I mean if they're running and they don't look where they're going I have to come out from somewhere and catch them. That's all I'd do all day. I'd just be the catcher in the rye and all."

What has changed is Salinger's attitude toward these values. His attitude is now such as to make them values which "wise children" may have, but which are ultimately lifelong. Thus, in *Franny and Zooey,* Franny moves from a knowing child to a confused adolescent who is finally restored to her childhood knowledge with Zooey Glass's reminder of the Fat Lady. In *Raise High the Roof Beam, Carpenters and Seymour — An Introduction,* Buddy goes from a child who knows himself as a writer to an adult who finds himself as a writer. The process is summed up in the closing paragraph of the book. "Seymour once said that all we do our whole life is go from one piece of Holy Ground to the next." Thus, all experience is of a kind and the paradox between Paul and Christ is resolved, at least in this aspect and at this time.

The solution seems fortuitous, for no major fiction can long endure on the idea that one ought not to grow up, excepting perhaps *Huckleberry Finn.* A major writer, it seems, ought ultimately to deal with adult themes, and one who proposes as Salinger did that "wise children" never grow up will soon find his works considered quaint, absurd, and sentimental, as well as *contra naturam.* Too, the solution comes at a time when there is an increasing tendency to think of Salinger as a major writer and to attack him for having failed to live up to critics' early expectations.

However, if Salinger succeeds in ridding himself of this objection, he fails to develop a meaningful structure for his new statement. His failure has been most noticeable in his handling of Seymour. It is the failure of coming up with an adequate method of creating a Christ-figure in a work of fiction. Seymour's character is always perfect, adult, static, and hence, non-dramatic. He is described by Buddy as possibly "a saint" and most assuredly he is treated as one. His remains become relics for the rest of the family. He is continually presented in the old motion picture technique for presenting Christ; namely he infuses others with his words and works, but remains either an aura or an off-screen voice.

In *Franny and Zooey,* this failure is not so noticeable. The book takes on the form of two Platonic dialogues and focuses on Franny. Characters sit around a table, around a washbowl, or on a sofa, and talk. Their major action is lighting cigarettes. Franny's breakdown which closes the first part of the book is dramatic enough, but not to the plot of the story. It is a device to end the dialogue as neatly as drinking everyone under the table ends Plato's "The Symposium." As in Plato, the major exchange of the book is one of ideas and the resolution is a change in attitude. Franny, in this instance, goes from self-indulgence and reading and reciting *A Way of a Pilgrim* to the understanding that she owes some obligation to the Fat Lady, who is Christ, who is mankind. Partly as a defence against attacks on the story's artificiality, Salinger insists one know the characters are freaks and their problems and solutions are not average ones.

In *Raise High the Roof Beam, Carpenters and Seymour — An Introduction,* Salinger's form goes completely to pieces. "Raise High the Roof Beam, Carpenters" has more dramatic action than most of the Glass stories. There are several changes of scene, but this is typical of earlier Salinger. The story is Buddy's discovery that Seymour married his youth in marrying Muriel Fedder. He has gone back to that time when he threw a stone which disfigured Charlotte Mayhew. "Seymour — An Introduction" is more perplexing. It pretends to be a character sketch of Seymour, but turns out to be a sketch of Buddy Glass's attempt to come to grips with responsibility as "Zooey" was Fanny's attempt to resolve a similar problem. Buddy does so as a writer and executor of Seymour's poetry. As an introduction to Seymour, the piece fails. Except for quotations from memos and a long letter from Seymour — paralleling a similar long letter written by Buddy in "Zooey" — the whole of the work is a rather long, tedious interior monologue.

Salinger insists that both books are love stories. In "Zooey," his narrator, Buddy Glass, confesses, "I say that my current offering isn't a



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mystical story, or a religious mystifying story, at all. *I* say it's a compound, or multiple, love story, pure and complicated." Likewise "Seymour — An Introduction" begins with quotations from Kafka and Kierkegaard on love and fiction. Seymour's advice to Buddy that in writing he should "trust his heart" is repeated. Even Salinger intrudes directly on the dustcover to *Franny and Zooey,* "I love working on these Glass stories, I've been waiting for them most of my life, and I think I have fairly decent, monomaniacal plans to finish them with due care and all-available skill." Love, of itself, however, does not make great fiction.

The books are similar in another aspect, namely in the relationship between Buddy and Zooey in *Franny and Zooey* and Seymour and Buddy in *Raise High the Roof Beam, Carpenters and Seymour — An Introduction.* Both Buddy and Seymour write long letters which exert great influences on younger brothers, and both have younger brothers who eventually assume their identities. This last is done in the Joycean epiphanies which end both books. Thus Salinger suggests a unity of perfection toward which all or anyone may strive.

Neither book is one on which Salinger should rest his literary reputation. Each is obviously a transition to that work in progress which Salinger keeps mentioning as forthcoming. This work, if Salinger can mend his lapses in structure and pull off a successful Christ-figure, will do much to restore him to the good graces of critics who are searching for a major figure in American fiction. I doubt if he has ever been out of the good graces of his readers. It is certain that the negative views on growing up in *The Catcher in the Rye* and *Nine Stories* have not only been modified, but they are not the solutions Salinger proposes today. His ability to shed more understanding on adult issues may in time win him a securer place in American Literature.

*Jerome L. Mazzaro*

## New Vessel for New Wine

John A. T. Robinson *Honest to God.* Philadelphia: The Westminster Press, 1963. $1.65

Even well-educated people are generally theologically illiterate. They may chat knowingly about Heisenberg's Indeterminacy Principle, but to hear a theologian affirm that God does not exist strikes them as nonsense. Most men continue to think of religion and of Christianity, if they think of them at all, in terms learned in a long-forgotten Sunday School. This harsh judgment is not limited to those who do not attend church, for while the minister to the faithful is likely familiar with contemporary theology, he seldom has the courage or the gift for presenting the new learning in an understandable fashion.

To have one's theological residence in a past century is by no means universally regarded as unfortunate. Some, safe in their facile rejection of Christianity, resent any attempt to construe Christianity in terms other than those which they rejected. They are uncomfortable when their favorite gambit appears with approval in the writings of a contemporary divine. Others see in the theological understanding of a past era the truth, and no amount of tension with the modern world can jar them from their faith. They may not understand, but they nevertheless believe. Still others find their inherited theology a problem of considerable proportion. They realize all too keenly the tension between their modern mentality and their Sunday School faith. To reject the modern world is out of question; hence they are forced, at least on the intellectual level, to reject Christianity. The intellectual rejection only points up the problem, for there is still present active and genuine faith — faith which seeks understanding. What is needed is a rational articulation of theology which does justice to the religious faith, yet which is intellectually respectable.

Contemporary theology provides a variety of exciting clues for finding an intellectual articulation of one's faith. The theological world is in much ferment and will strike the newcomer as in many respects more revolutionary and upsetting to common modes of thinking than contemporary physics. Yet the field remains relatively unknown to the layman. The modern theologian is breaking new ground and uses terms and notions which are alien to the average reader. The original works appear upon first meeting as hopelessly replete with subtle distinctions expressed in obscure jargon. Only the most diligent refrain from throwing the book aside. What is needed is a well-written, sensitive popularization of contemporary theology.

John Robinson's book, *Honest to God,* meets this need. The book is straight-forward, easy to read, and succeeds without jargon or arid speculation in getting across many of the ideas of contemporary theology. Robinson is a bishop



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in the Anglican Church, and this perhaps explains one of the chief advantages of the book. It is clear that the church and its traditions mean much to Robinson, yet he has been unable to express his faith in traditional intellectual modes. He realizes that the same is true for many churchmen. Without once losing sight of the practicing church, he nevertheless leads the reader to a position where the new ideas of theology may be appreciated.

The book is a popularization. It holds nothing for the trained theologian except the example of clear writing and sensitive teaching. Robinson makes no claim to originality, but admits only to rethinking the thoughts of others. The book begins by speaking of the "Reluctant Revolution." This is a discussion of the intellectual and spiritual forces which went into the writing of the book. Robinson also gives credit to the three theologians who have most influenced his thinking and whose work is much reflected in his book. These are Paul Tillich, Dietrich Bonhoeffer, and Rudolf Bultman. Something of the tone of the book is expressed at the conclusion of this first section and merits extensive quotation. After speaking of the necessity of a revolution in religious thinking, Robinson writes, "It is for me a reluctant revolution, whose full extent I have hardly begun to comprehend. I am well aware that much of what I shall seek to say will be seriously misunderstood, and will doubtless deserve to be. Yet I feel impelled to the point where I can no other. I do not pretend to know the answers in advance. It is much more a matter of sensing certain things on the pulses, of groping forward, almost of being pushed from behind. All I can do is to try to be honest — honest to God and about God — and to follow the argument wherever it leads."

The last line of the above expresses one of Robinson's presuppositions which separates him from certain currents in Christianity. This is an awareness that man's intellect must be satisfied with a religious statement before the total man can be committed. Appeals to authority or blind faith have little place in his understanding of religion. This is by no means to say that the mystery is removed from religion or that religion comes solely from reason. It is simply to affirm that one's critical faculties must be exercised and that indeed the argument must be followed wherever it leads. For Robinson, religious faith is understood in terms of commitment and trust rather than intellectual assent. This means that there is never any necessary conflict between one's faith and one's intellect.

The remainder of the book is largely a discussion of two themes: God and man. The discussion of God is derived primarily from Tillich. Robinson argues that it is necessary in our modern world to reject theism as it is generally understood. This means that there is a significant sense in which one can say that modern Christianity is atheistic. No longer can man believe in the existence of a deity "up there" or "out there" who is all-powerful, knowing, and good, and who shares the rest of the metaphysical compliments which the medieval world deemed to pay God. Robinson rather points to an understanding of God seen as a dimension of the present life. God is to be sought in the dimension of depth. Not only is the thought of Tillich obvious at this point, but there are also overtones of Martin Buber's conviction that God is to be found in every experience of life or not at all. Robinson's rejection of notions such as "supernatural" or "existence" in his conception of God will offend some, but it will at least arrest the attention of all.

The discussion of man centers around certain themes from the works of Bonhoeffer. What does it mean to have Christianity without religion? This is Bonhoeffer's manner of posing the question, and as Robinson treats the question, it includes the various aspects of man's response to a revised estimate of God. For example, here one finds a discussion of prayer which sees prayer not as a disengagement from life where one finds the power to face life's problems, but as active engagement in life. Prayer is not conversation with an elderly father-image, but involvement in the world. Included also is a discussion of morality, the mood of which is seen when he writes, "For nothing can of itself always be labelled as 'wrong.' One cannot, for instance, start from the position 'sex relations before marriage' or 'divorce' are wrong or sinful in themselves." The interpretation of Christian ethics which is developed has only one imperative, *viz.*, to love one another. The old and much used word is given radical and interesting interpretations. The interpretations will startle some, but will strike a responsive chord in many more.

There are significant elements of the contemporary Christian scene which Robinson's book does not discuss. Most noticeable of these is the supernaturalism and fideism of Karl Barth. *Honest to God* is, however, not a textbook, but rather an argument for a theological position.



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It is an important position, and Robinson has performed a long overdue task in presenting the position in a form which can be easily read and understood.

*Kenneth D. Freeman*

## A Bridge of Sorts

*Yevgeny Yevtushenko, A Precocious Autobiography.* Tr. by Andrew R. MacAndrew. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1963. $3.50

It was not for nothing that Plato would have banned poets from The Republic. To those Americans who are inclined to underestimate the power of a poet, it may seem curious that it is just such a person who has emerged as the symbol and spokesman for the revolutionary changes now taking place within the Soviet Union. Yevgeny Yevtushenko may not be the best poet in the world or maybe even in the Soviet Union. He may, however, be the most important, and to judge him solely on his poetic talents, as so many have, is to miss the point by a country verst. There are some writers whose work is their life, and it is in this group that Yevtushenko belongs.

His autobiography makes good, and sometimes revealing reading. He is for truth, idealism, Pasternak, Hemingway, and foreign travel. He is against cynicism, dogmatism, careerism, and the tendency "to confuse differences in artistic style with differences in ideology." He is not an anti-Communist, or even a non-Communist, but he clearly has his own definition of Communism, which resembles a kind of Protestant idealism and which he is not inclined to yield up to just any old Party official who may try to point him in the direction of greater ideological purity.

His career has been closely bound up with the groping attempts of Soviet intellectuals to build some new kind of cultural life in the shambles that followed the death of Stalin. For people like Yevtushenko, who after all had their roots in the thought of the Stalin period, the essential problem was to guide the transition into peaceful channels where the youth could retain some kind of faith in the ideals of the revolution, without falling into complete cynicism or into a renewed burst of dogmatism.

When all is said and done, the social and cultural life of a people is perhaps most faithfully, if sometimes imprecisely reflected in its literature. This is all the more true in a society where the social sciences, as we know them in the West, have not yet really developed. Soviet literature, during the Stalinist period, was like Soviet life, teleological, a literature depressingly uniform in its praise of the regime, where the palms went, not to the swift (Lenin forbid) but to the servile. Time was when individual creativity was harnessed to the Building of Socialism, when tractors ploughed across the pages of countless proletarian novels in which the Good guys, red banners flying and production goals tumbling, won out with all the relentless sweep of a penny-dreadful.

There have been many changes since that time, and they are acknowledged today by all but the most terrifyingly ignorant among us. The change in the artistic climate has usually been referred to as a "Thaw," but it is really not so much a thaw as a series of alternate thaws and freezes, as the regime attempts to contain the pressures which its own relaxation has brought about. The cult of Lenin has during this time of adjustment served as a useful fiction to ease the adaptation to change, to maintain a sense of continuity in Soviet life, and to prevent the kind of moral chaos which would have resulted had the entire Stalinist pantheon been swept away. One of the most important problems today in Soviet society, particularly for the writer, is to retain the idealism of the Stalin years (and there was more of it than most Westerners are accustomed to think) and somehow to winnow out its more reprehensible features.

For the individual writer, this may reduce itself to the choice familiar to would-be reformers of all times and places, whether to work within the system or outside it. Yevtushenko has decided to work within the system, and it is here that he has made his error, perhaps unavoidably. If it is the system itself which is at fault, and not merely the occasional fortuitous leader like Stalin, then no amount of tinkering will work any permanent changes. With Yevtushenko, Communism itself is never questioned, only its corrupters, and the transcendent wisdom of the Party is never doubted. He rightly points out that Communism is no alien in Russia, but is by now an organic part of the Russian people themselves. It is small wonder that the people of the USSR do not question the regime as such. With a credulity unexceeded by any other great people, it has been their tragic misfortune to suffer forever, it seems, from governments which have systematically exploited them, and at the same time insulated them from



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any external standard against which their exploitation might be measured.

What Yevtushenko does not see, perhaps cannot see, is that it is not merely the tyrant which matters but the Tyranny, and the corruption of the people, both leaders and led, which inevitably results. Despite all the changes during the Khrushchev years, the Soviet political system still has no mechanism for self-purification, and Yevtushenko's implicit faith in people is at best a doubtful substitute. The West, for all its faults, has gradually evolved a system which at least provides for its own reforms, through free elections between opposing parties, free speech, criticism, and the other institutions of the democratic state. And of all these there is none more important than freedom of expression, for without it all other freedoms lack voice. In the final analysis, no system can lay a solid claim to greatness solely on its capacity to produce orbiting satellites and ornate subways when its writers have in 45 years produced so little of enduring merit.

However, before we extract too much comfort from our criticism of Soviet writers, we would do well to remember that we more than occasionally indulge in similar behavior if only on a smaller scale. Not all tyrannies are countries; there is in fact a spectrum of despotism, which ranges from the family, through intermediate institutions such as corporations, and colleges, all the way up to its final perfection, the State. Many of us have lived at one time or another in some ten-penny tyranny, where our creative energies were drained by fear and the constant scramble for survival, where boat-rocking was the cardinal sin, where time-serving, toadyism, and the comforts of a shallow conformity were the reigning virtues. The difference of course is that such petty tyrannies are not exclusive and that we can more easily escape them than we can the clutches of the totalitarian state.

And even the totalitarian state must maintain its people in isolation if it is to protect itself from eventual modification. It is for this reason that the future of Soviet society and Soviet literature is bound up with Soviet relations to the rest of the world and to the West in particular. The Russian leaders since Stalin have created a situation by which their own acts can be judged not merely by internal standards but by those of the outside world, at least in part. Polycentricism, the China problem, the desire for a *détente* with the West, and Soviet entries in foreign film festivals all contribute to this development. And if there are those persons in the West who have doubted the wisdom of public diplomacy, it should be observed that the propaganda war has presented certain hazards to the USSR as well; the need to present an attractive appearance to a critical uncontrolled audience has compelled it to make internal changes it might not otherwise have readily introduced. Furthermore, the USSR, like all the world, is becoming unavoidably "Westernized" and indeed has been for practically its entire history. Almost every item in Russian society today is an import from the West, perhaps not entirely from that part of the Western tradition we profess to admire, but all the same of an unmistakably Western origin.

We should not have too much faith that this apparent cultural convergence will mean an immediate end to the Cold War. At most only the broad outlines are visible, and there is no guarantee that the civilizing process within the Soviet Union could not be at least in part reversed. It is unfortunately still the case that no Russian writer, not even Yevtushenko, has been willing to grant the value of reciprocity in Soviet relations with the West. If the air in Khrushchev's Russia is somewhat less stifling with each passing year, the basic institutions inherited from the Stalin era have been retained, and the messianic pretensions have not yet been put aside. The ironic part of it all is that it is the otherwise healthy streak of idealism in Russian life, the noble hopes for the future, on which this messianic international attitude rests.

Still, as Yevtushenko demonstrates in his life and verse, there is a bridge of sorts presently under construction, and, despite more than occasional misunderstandings, we do indeed understand him and he us. His language is not that of the party mimeograph machine, but of a sensitive human being who is on the road seeking truth. And it is not merely Yevtushenko whom we are trying to understand, but the people and forces which he represents.

*Joseph B. Board, Jr.*



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# Records

## Haydn and Some Others

The last half year or so has brought forth a treasure of Haydn symphonies. The grand old man of the Suisse Romande, Ernest Ansermet, led the way with the first integral recording of the six "Paris" Symphonies (82-87; London 7306/2306). They are, without qualification, as splendid as any of the twelve last symphonies (93-104), and Ansermet does splendidly by them.

Vanguard has released another set, the Symphonies Nos. 44 through 49 (VRS 1106-8/VSD 2145-7; available singly.) Vanguard calls them the "Sturm und Drang Symphonies," which is nonsense. Haydn is supposed to have had a period in the early 1770's when he was dreadfully upset and nervous and suicidal, like the sorrowful young Werther. A great deal has been written about these illusory storm and stress years; they are supposed to give Haydn stature. The simple truth is that in these years Haydn composed a number of works in minor keys, and custom dictated that works in minor keys should be blustering, dynamically unstable, and stagy. Three of the six symphonies offered by Vanguard are in minor keys and if they are Strum und Drang, the other three, in major keys, are Scherz und Lächeln. But no matter about semantics. What a treat they are! No. 44 ("Trauersymphonie") contains a slow movement that is the musical equivalent of a zephyr; Haydn wanted it played at his funeral — not because it is sad, but because it is so radiantly happy. No. 45 ("The Farewell"), despite its gimicky finale, is not really very interesting after the opening movement. But No. 46, in the unusual key of B major, is a real find, with an inspired buffoon of a finale. No. 48 ("Maria Theresa") is great Haydn, splendid with high trumpets and timpani —Haydn showing off before the Empress. No. 49, the earliest in point of composition, has a pious slow movement, but is otherwise ingratiating. The performances by Antonio Janigro and the Orchestra of Radio Zagreb are young, muscular and entrancing. Good notes by Christa Landon, presumably of the Robbins Landon tribe (may it increase!).

Also from Vanguard, two in-between Haydn Symphonies, Nos. 52 and 60 (VRS 1105/VSD 2143). No. 60, subtitled "Il Distratto," is possibly the most astonishing symphony Haydn ever wrote, certainly one of the funniest. It has six movements gleaned from his incidental music to "The Absent-Minded Lover," a French farce performed in Vienna in 1776. It manages to be at once an illustration of an eighteenth century "humor" and a genuine symphonic structure. Daniel Blum and the Esterhazy Orchestra, who specialize in Haydn, make the thing glint and flash like aural lightning. By comparison, No. 52 on the other side is dull.

Finally, Westminster gives us two important links between the "Paris" and the "London" Symphonies: Nos. 89 and 90 (WST 17043). No. 89 is the companion symphony to the often performed No. 88, and in no way its inferior. No. 90, never recorded before, is one of three written for a French nobleman just before Haydn's momentous first journey to England. Its slow movement is a set of powerful double variations and its last movement sounds like the overture to that great *dramma giacosa* that Haydn longed to write but — inspired innocent and symphonist that he was — never had it in him to write. These performances, too, are first rate, if you don't object to a large symphonic ensemble in your Haydn (the Vienna Symphony Orchestra conducted by Laszlo Somogyi). Listen to the bass fiddles in No. 90; they are as fleet as piccolos.

Vanguard, a company that usually lives up to its name, has issued two works by America's most interesting nineteenth-century composer, Louis Moreau Gottschalk. He wrote dreadful music but it has two grand virtues: it is tuneful as all get out and it often derives not from Europe (unlike all other serious nineteenth-century composers) but from the Americas. But to suggest that Gottschalk is serious is a bit much. He is about as serious as Margaret Rutherford. Personally, I adore him — but then, I always preferred Rossini to Wagner. One of the works on this new record (VRS 1103/VSD 2141), a Grand Tarantelle for piano and orchestra, sounds in fact very much like Rossini transcribed by Liszt. Liszt enters by way of Hershy Kay, who edited this tarantella. The other Gottschalk piece is a "symphony" in two movements, entitled *A Night in the Tropics*. The first movement is utterly untropical (it sounds like a village Hector Berlioz) but the second is really something: exciting, lazy, Latin American music in symphonic treatment, a kind of minor miracle for 1859. The record also contains a "Latin-American Symphonette" by Morton Gould. Musical soda pop, but the man does know how to orchestrate. The capable perfor-



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mers are the Utah Symphony Orchestra under Maurice Abravanel.

After Rameau, Handel is the most neglected of the great baroque composers. Since he is also the greatest of them, one can only charge the neglect to ignorance compounded by folly. The oratorios are slowly being rediscovered and recorded, however, and Bach Guild has released a first "complete" *Samson* (BG 648-50/BGS 5060-2). The quotes signify that it is not complete, far from it, but as complete as a bad tradition allows the Handel oratorios to be. Actually, close to a third of the music has been cut. Four records would have been needed to do it all. But better this than nothing. The performance is middling. The Samson, Jan Peerce, sounds feeble and old, whereas Handel's hero is the Samson Agonistes of Milton — Samson the wrestler, the avenger. Phyllis Curtin is an acceptable Delilah, but hers is the role that Thomas Beecham wanted Maria Callas to sing; it demands enormous insight and a real operatic flair. The best singing is done by the chorus. Abravanel and a reduced Utah Symphony Orchestra are also very good. And the work, even in this imperfect edition, is mighty beyond words.

Three of Gustav Mahler's orchestral song-cycles are recorded rather often. The fourth, *Des Knaben Wunderhorn,* was done only once before. Now a stunning new recording appears, featuring the excellent contralto Maureen Forrester and the capable baritone Heinz Rehfuss, with a Vienna orchestra conducted by Felix Prohaska (Vanguard VSD 2154). Despite the title, these are not children's songs. They are first-person narratives and brief dialogues, grim songs and dances of death, glowing orchestral-vocal tapestries. A most important addition to the Mahler discography.

RECOMMENDED:

*Samuel Barber's Violin Concerto* (Westminster WST 17045). Coupled with a dreary Violin Concerto by Delius, and furnished with Irving Kolodin's impenetrable notes ("It was begun in 1939 when the twenty-nine-year-old composer had retired to a refuge in Switzerland to fulfill its commission by a Philadelphia patron for a young violinist in whom he was interested") — but still the Barber is hauntingly lovely, and Robert Gerle plays it well.

*Two Sviatoslav Richter discs* on Deutsche Grammophon. One is a potpourri of Chopin, Debussy and Scriabin (LPM 18 849/SLPM 138 849). The Scriabin Sonata No. 5 is Debussy without elegance, Chopin without tunes. But the rarely heard Chopin Polonaise-Fantaisie, Op. 61, is worth hearing in Richter's poetic interpretation. The other Richter disc (LPM 18 848/SLPM 138 848) contains the too-often recorded Beethoven Third Piano Concerto, performed with great elegance by the soloist but with heavy-handed orchestral backing from the Russian conductor Karl Sanderling. I asked to review the record for the Rondo in B-Flat that fills out Side 2. It is an early Beethoven work, never before recorded, so far as I know. It was completed by Carl Czerny, and so it is filled with dazzling, show-off passages. Very charming indeed.

*Brahms Liebeslieder Waltzes,* Op. 52 and Op. 65 (Deutsche Grammophon, SLPM 138 792). The quartet of singers consists of Irmgard Seefried, Raila Kostia, Waldemar Kmentt, and Eberhard Waechter. The weak link is Miss Seefried, who lost her voice some years ago but continues merrily along, notwithstanding. Otherwise, a delectable offering. Full texts and accurate translations.

*David Johnson*

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**Contributors** *continued from page 2*

DAVID O. RANKIN is an anarchist.

KARL SHAPIRO was born in Baltimore in 1913. The muse smote him early and stoutly, and he has published his poetry widely. He won the Pulitzer prize for Poetry in 1945 for *V-Letter and Other Poems.*

KATHRYN VALE is a student at Duke University. She grew up in rural North Carolina.

PETER VIERECK, born in New York City in 1916 and educated at Harvard, now teaches at Mount Holyoke College. He won the Pulitzer Prize for poetry in 1948 for his book, *Terror and Decorum.*

ROBERT PENN WARREN has written eight novels, a book of short stories, and six volumes of poems. He and his wife Eleanor and their two children live in Connecticut. Warren has won Pulitzer prizes for both fiction and poetry.

SHELDON ZITNER has published poetry in *Poetry, Accent, American Scholar,* and *Perspective* and articles in *Shakespeare Quarterly* and *South Atlantic Quarterly,* among other things. He is now working on an edition of Spenser.



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**Zone** *continued from page 6*

Scapegoatism began immediately the day of Kennedy's death. There were many: the assassin, the assassin's assassin, the Dallas police department, the secret service, the extreme Left, the extreme Right, and on and on.

But the truth is that history past and present should have prepared us for that day in November. Americans have been made to face up, with increasing frequency, to real issues this last century. We have been made to face up to the phoniness of unfulfilled ideals, to our own hypocrisy. In such cases of extreme pressure, have we not almost always resorted to violence? Lincoln is an obvious case in point. But what of the attempts on FDR and on Truman, the plots against Eisenhower? What of the bombing that killed the children in a Birmingham church basement? The murder of Medgar Evers? The attack on Adlai Stevenson?

Is it not true, as the Dean of the Washington Cathedral put it,

"By our silence; by our inaction, by our willingness that heavy burdens are borne by one man alone; by our readiness to allow evil to be called good and good evil; by our continued toleration of ancient injustices, . . . we have all had a part in the assassination."

For God's sake, let's not further indulge in the apology of monuments. What is the renaming of Canaveral and its missile center, of Idlewild airport, or expressways and reading rooms, but a whitewash of the mind; the easy, showy conscience salve.

Instead, let us remember the cold, gambler's nerve with which Mr. Kennedy stood off Russia during the Cuban crisis: a mere three of a kind against a full house. Let us remember that, at the risk of his office, he dared not only the South but the whole country to rid itself of its Negro ghettoes and their attendant horrors. Let us remember that (irony of ironies!) he believed Americans had the strength and courage necessary to take the first steps toward disarmament, toward that century when a man might walk the world without a gun in his hand or a missile in his backyard. Let us remember that he believed that American poets spoke for their people; and that old men and women are entitled by birth to death with dignity.

In half a presidential term, no man did more.

No monuments, then, since none are greater than the action of the men they commemorate. Let us only not lie down again on the laps of the fat politicians.

RPD

## UNREQUIRED READING

Each of us needs eternal questions to tantalize a mind hanging witlessly on dead-center. I clipped one of my favorite brooding topics from the classified section of the Stockton *Record* on July 14, 1953:

> "Wanted: Elderly man with green thumb who does not drink more than a gallon of wine daily."

Who placed the ad? What did this semi-sotted oldster have to do? Is it significant that the ad appeared on Bastille Day? Bastille Day implications are sufficiently horripilating to wrench my stagnant mind from lethargy.

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The *North American Review* wants to explore the proposition that the world is populated by self-perpetuating frauds. Please do not leap to the misconception that we mean obvious common garden varieties of phonies. We mean to examine the premise that not only individuals but groups, lumps, bunches, and clusters of businesses, professions, and other amalgams flourish because each one involved labors unceasingly to embellish and perpetuate his own group fraud to enhance and to protect his private impersonation of a man who matters. This theory is not Pure Fraud. It is, at best, neo-fraudianism.

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Irwin Edman once said, "I would like to plead not only the intrinsic enjoyments but the social usefulness of unrequired reading. We need beware lest we make standard among us the habit of a slave labor of the mind. It is only free minds that will keep values of civilization fresh and growing among us. One of these values is unrequired reading — adventuring among books, the liberty for play of the imagination, for probing over the whole domain of space and humanity." Unrequired reading? The *Congressional Record,* Jane Arden, The Beaver, Ira Wallach, *Trace,* Alex Comfort, classified ads in the Stockton *Record, Life, AEC Reports,* Robert Lowell, or anything else you are not compelled to read. Almost everything written is unrequired reading for you. Why not neglect the daily paper, the weekly newsmagazine, those two pages you read in your labor or professional propaganda publication? For one month devote your regular reading time to some unrequired reading. Be ill-informed. Be yourself. Be chal-



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lenged by the opposition. Be enlivened by the unfamiliar.

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We want to dispel the growing conviction of many that all science is business. It won't be an easy task. Research in industry seems to be subsidized by direct or indirect government contract. Science in education is a free form mobile depending from a slender but solid gold rope the other end of which unravels like a spidery web and leads by grant into uncounted governmental agencies. Medical and pharmaceutical science is so commercial the *North American Review* may never succeed in restoring the selfless lustre, indeed the halo, which once lighted it. Is anyone engaged in research not directly or indirectly subsidized by the Defense Department? Is there an unsung and unpaid scientist laboring to develop a boon to humanity without thought of price and profit to his sponsoring agency or himself?

BER

## THE FOURTH KIND

*Nimrod, Coastlines, Targets, Furioso* — whoever heard of them, or of the poets, the short story writers, the essayists who must have had enough interest in writing to write, enough faith in what they had to say to send manuscripts and return envelopes first to *Harper's* and *The New Yorker*, and then to the big-little magazines, and then to *Nimrod*.

And *Colliers* has died. And *Liberty*. And *Show Business Illustrated*. And hundreds of others, those that operated out of suites on Madison Avenue as well as those that operated out of vacant closets in Iowa. Is there really any hope, any point, in establishing yet another magazine?

The editorial staff of the *North American Review* thinks that there is a hope, and a point — first of all because we think of ourselves as anything but Yet Another Magazine. A classification of magazines is like any other classification, an over-simplification, but there are at least the "little magazines," the mass magazines, and the minority magazines. The specialist periodicals, no matter how influential in particular circles, have pitifully small circulations. Then there are the mass magazines, from *Life* and the *Reader's Digest* to *The Atlantic Monthly* and *The Ladies Home Journal*. No reader who has progressed further than Dick and Jane need be told that some of these are excruciatingly bad, that others do a creditable job of sitting on the fine line between aiming above the head of ordinary readers and plunging into trivia.

Third there are minority magazines with an editorial line and a point of view to sell. They publish good writing and good thinking, and they range from the *National Review* to *I. F. Stone's Bi-Weekly*. They keep going by virtue of a subsidy or a shoestring or both, and they are read by people who already hold the political or economic or social position of the magazine.

*The North American Review* wants to be the fourth kind of journal, a kind we see as nonexistent in America in the 1960's. We want to be an arena for world issues. We want to print good writing and good thinking and to present it to the widest possible audience. The hope is pious. We are not the first ones to express it. But we have a few things working for us: a good name, that of the most distinguished magazine in America's history; we pay contributors — and not badly, at that; we operate, with an unpaid staff, on practically no overhead; we have taste and judgment; we are not isolated from what is going on in the world today; we can sense what people of intelligence and good will will listen to, what will move them.

We have no axe to grind, no editorial policy to follow except excellence. We have an anarchist working for the staff, and we have a Goldwater man; we have agnostics and we have Episcopalians.

Our first issue is not what we would like to be, but it points in the right direction. We don't have jargon—sociological, theological, literary-critical, or any other kind — we don't have obscurity, we don't have sensationalism. We also don't have advertising, but we've got to get some if we're going to survive.

We do have well-written articles on topics of significance, though not always with the kind of controversial import and hard-hitting impact that we want. We'd like to have William Buckley and Norman Mailer and I. F. Stone writing for us — and perhaps we will. We also have some good fiction, less precious than the stuff that appears in most quarterlies, less superficial than that in the slick publications. We have the best record reviews around. We're on the way, we hope, to being the kind of magazine that might, to use the phrase of our writer Mr. Good-



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man, countervail brainwashing; but we have to countervail it on our own, without the kind of help that he is urging.

So we ask instead for *your* help. We want you to send us articles and stories. We want you to write letters to the editor. We want you to buy advertising space. Above all, we want you to read us, to be the audience for a magazine that has a role to play, a vacant spot to fill, in American life today.

RVF

# In Retrospect

*The first number of* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, *May, 1815, found contemporary manners worthy of comment by Aristippus.*

What are the manners of the present day? Once in a while a vestige may be perceived of better times, some well-bred antique that shrinks from "modern degeneracy," and when seen in society recalls to mind the insulated Corinthian columns that are still erect amid the desolation of Palmyra, or the deserted environs of the Forum. When one sees an assemblage in the present day, straggling groups of young men with whiskered cheeks, and wild, uncurled, unpowdered, bewildered locks, and the innocent animated imitations of the Medicean Venus, with their thousand corkscrew ringlets and muslin robes, roaming among them, it brings to the fancy a flock of merino lambs in a field of scrub oaks. If it comports with the plan of your journal, I wish, while any trace remains, to attempt restoring a little of former urbanity and elegance. No gentleman is to lean back so as to support his chair on its hind legs, except in his own room: in a parlor with a small circle it borders on extreme familiarity, and in a drawing-room filled with company it betokens a complete want of respect for society. Besides, it weakens the chair, and with perseverance infallibly makes a hole in the carpet.

There have been circles of society where it would have been considered impertinent for a gentleman to sit cross-legged, but as I do not aim at impossibilities I shall say nothing on this point. No gentleman, however, must allow himself to sit in the company of others in the following positions on the edge of the chair, one leg over the other, parallel to and leaning on the back of the chair; a position which will at once be understood by any of your readers who have seen a vessel aground, left by the sea lying on one side.

No gentleman at dinner or tea time is to take out a silk handkerchief that has been in his pocket two or three days, and lay it over his knees. If in eating toast he is not furnished with a napkin to wipe his fingers, he may make use of a fresh cambric one, if he has it; but he had better adopt the feline mode of cleaning his paws, than the practice here prohibited.

If a gentleman be requested to carve a turkey or any other fowl, he is not to proceed as if it were a character, and cut it completely up; but take off a piece as it is wanted and not keep a company waiting, and leave the whole bird piecemeal, when perhaps nobody will taste it. N.B.—This does not apply to a table d'hote, unless the carver is willing to sacrifice himself, like Curtius, to fill the gulf of appetite around him.

*General U. S. Grant urged "The Nicaragua Canal" in the February, 1881, issue of* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW:

"Turning from the Panama route, therefore, as one which, when practically considered, has but little to recommend it, either as a commercial convenience or a financial success, we are brought to the consideration of the Nicaragua route, as that to which the attention of the American public is most strongly drawn at this time."

*Many readers today will agree with R. H. Thurston's opinions expressed in "The Engineer and His War Engine" in volume 165 of* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *in 1897.*

"The work of development of the modern engine of war is mainly attributable to a few great men of science and of inventive and constructive genius." Admiral Rickover might today second Thurston's conclusion that "the same conservatism, the same traditional prejudices, the same selfish interests impede every attempt to make this mighty engine of war efficient."



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